The RELIEF SOCIETY Magazine

Volume XXIV JANUARY, 1937 No. 1

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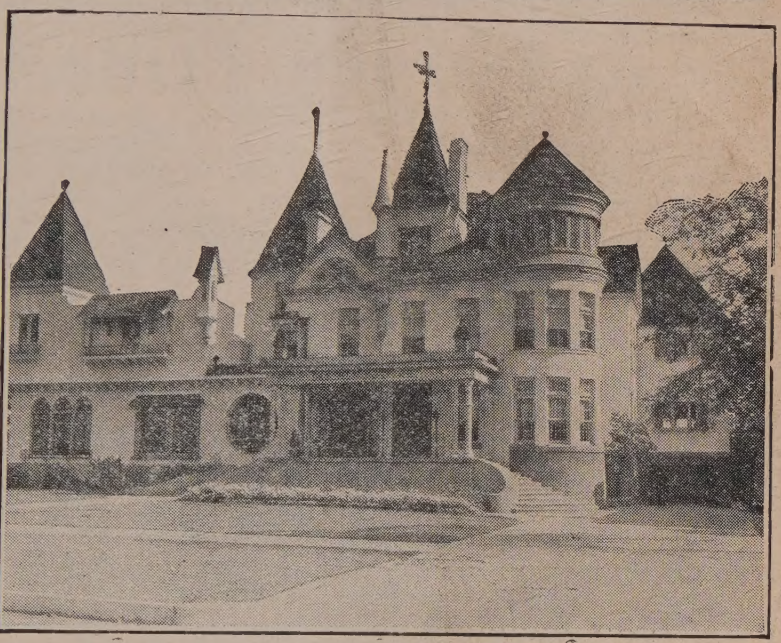

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXIV JANUARY, 1937 No. 1

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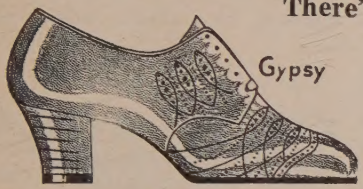

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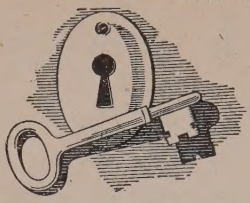

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Retrospect

By Della Adams Leitner

The old year ends and at his bier I stand.
I feel the solemn hush that parting brings.
The gladsome hours of happiness he gave
I yield reluctantly. My memory clings
To days that seemed too precious to depart;
Days that revealed to me the strength of love,
And tho I say, "Good bye, Old Year", I keep
These treasures in my heart all else above.

He gave and took away. The balanced sheet
I look upon in retrospect and know
That tho the joys he brought me were most sweet,
The debit side has grief and pain to show.
And it is well. The recompense of tears
Is greater value for the care free day,
And I can thankful be that I have learned
This truth to strengthen me along the way.

This welcome I will give the dawning year,
Whatever it may hold I shall not fear.

HAZEL H. GREENWOOD

The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXIV JANUARY, 1937 No. 1

Greetings

1936 is going—1937 is nearly here! We are nearing another milestone—a time when we pause a moment to evaluate the past, to be thankful for all the lessons the Old Year has taught, and for the shining hopes the New Year brings. We are thankful that all the riches of faith and love and life, which came to us in the Old Year, can be carried over into the New, for out of the past will grow the strength needed for the future.

THE past year has been one of remarkable growth. The loyalty and devotion of the Stake and Ward Officers and Class Leaders have resulted in more of our union Meetings becoming real preparation meetings, and thus in the lessons given in each organization there has been added inspiration which has carried over into real living. Increased participation in lesson discussion on the part of Relief Society members has resulted in growth, for where there is action there is development. There has been an increase in the number of houses visited by the visiting teachers—which means that the spiritual message which they carry has touched more hearts. Our Magazine Agents have done wonderful work, and the Magazine, with its spiritual and cultural messages, is now being read in 41,500 homes.

THE response of the women to the call for aid in the Church Security Program has been wonderful. One can hardly believe that busy mothers and home makers could do so much. But when we love, we serve, and when we serve our love increases. So we are nearer today than before in keeping the first and greatest commandment—"Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength and with all thy mind: and thy neighbor as thyself."

OUR hearts have been touched by the singing of the "Singing Mothers." We appreciate the effort they have made to prepare for that sweet service which is so needed, for our Heavenly Father says: "The song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads."

WE wish also at this time to pay tribute to another group of Relief Society workers—the Relief Society husbands, for without their encouragement, cooperation and unselfish help the work could not be carried on.

AND so we face the New Year with a glow of anticipation of greater work yet to do. Let us get a glorious view of the New Year's work, knowing where we want it to lead, in what direction we want it to go, that our efforts may be purposeful—but always with a prayer in our hearts for inspiration that if there is anything our Father in Heaven would like us to learn, anything He would like us to do, that we will not miss it.

THERE are many miles that stretch between the Relief Society organizations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, so that we cannot touch the hands of the members, but our hearts can be close together, and there is no limit to the reach of prayer, and so our prayers go out to each organization and each individual member for—A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!!

Louise Y. Robison,
Amy Brown Lyman,
Kate M. Barker,

General Presidency of Relief Society

PLAINS' CRADLE SONG

By Veneta L. Nielsen

(Awarded First Prize in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest)

Beloved little sleepers, let
Mother sing your sleep-song yet.
If I leave you there alone,
Cradled underneath a stone,
It is not that I forget.

Could the wagon's creaking weight
And the oxen's heavy gait
Turn about and bring me back
To you, all the pain-fraught track
Borne again were precious freight.

Now the rain falls, dark with fears,
Do my words reach Heaven's ears?
Are you listening, and know
That I sing again to you
Not to be afraid, my Dears?

Never, never, as you rest
There upon earth's languid breast
Shall there be a moment I
Walking on, will let you lie
Unremembered and unblest.

Every looming, brooding rock
Crouched before me as I walk
Is some fortress where you creep
Indian playing; when I sleep
Every dream bears baby talk.

VENETA L. NIELSEN

Not a bird can rise and stir
Dusk's fine air with singing whir
But your voices fly to me.
Luminous, again I see
Two small faces through the blur.

I shall carry, as I go
Hurt and aching, plodding slow
Over every rutted mile,
Every little childish smile,
Every laugh, and tear, and know

If your palely-lidded eyes
Search no more these alien skies
For a gift of quail or grouse
To our needy wagon house:
God is good, and God is wise.

If my groping senses find
Any pain unjust, or blind
With bitterness, I weep.
Rest, my little ones asleep;
I remember, God is kind.

Beloved little sleepers, let
Mother sing your sleep-song yet.
If I leave you there alone
Cradled underneath a stone,
It is not that I forget.

LOVE'S ROSE

By Bryce W. Anderson

Take, then, this rose, and hold it tenderly
  Close to the throbbing of your hungry heart,
With careful fingers, lest your eager grip
  Scatter its fragile loveliness apart.
Breathe not too deeply of its faint perfume,
  Lest that sweet odor come at last to pall
On senses wearied by too much delight,
  And lost may be the wonder of it all.
Seek not to look too long upon its form,
  Lest, growing weary of familiar sight,
Your eyes may stray to each more garish hue
  Until all color dulls to black of night.
Ask not too much, lest nectar turn to bile—
The rose, once plucked, lives but a little while.

A Present Day Challenge

By Marianne Clark Sharp

TO develop a desire in each citizen of this country to take an active part in the affairs of our government is important at any time; but just now when theories of government in our nation are so conflicting, it is especially important that each one of us does his part. There are at work in the world today forces which are seeking to overthrow government and law. Most of the European countries, inflamed by class or racial hatred, are thirsting for greater power and with little regard for the welfare of their fellow beings. We have peace in the United States, but a peace threatened by the same undermining forces of destruction. At this time we are asking the members of the Relief Society, especially, to bear their share in this struggle.

As members of this Church we know that we live in a land of promise. Over two thousand years before Christ it was proclaimed:

"For behold, this is a land which is choice above all other lands; wherefore he that doth possess it shall serve God or shall be swept off; for it is the everlasting decree of God. And it is not until the fulness of iniquity among the children of the land, that they are swept off." (Book of Mormon, Ether 2:10.)

May we do our part in keeping the fulness of iniquity from among the children of this land, or else we, too, will be swept off, as surely as were those to whom this pronouncement was given.

As members of this Church we also have recorded what the Lord has said concerning the Constitution of this land and the Constitutional Law. A hundred years ago our people were suffering grievous hardships at the hands of some of their fellow citizens.

"That every man may act in doctrine and principle pertaining to futurity, according to the moral agency which I have given unto him . . . ," the Lord declared in December, 1833, "for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood." (D. and C., 101:78, 80.)

Four months earlier the Lord upheld the Constitutional Law, putting the blame for their troubles elsewhere:

"And now, verily I say unto you concerning the laws of the land, it is my will that my people should observe to do all things whatsoever I command them.

"And that law of the land which is constitutional, supporting that principle of freedom in maintaining rights and privileges, belongs to all mankind, and is justifiable before me.

"Therefore, I, the Lord, justify you, and your brethren of my Church, in befriending that law which is the constitutional law of the land;

"And as pertaining to law of man, whatsoever is more or less than this cometh of evil.

"I, the Lord God, make you free, therefore ye are free indeed; and the law also maketh you free.

"Nevertheless, when the wicked rule the people mourn.

"Wherefore, honest men and wise men should be sought for diligently, and good men and wise men ye

should observe to uphold; otherwise whatsoever is less than these cometh of evil." (D. and C., 98:4-10.)

Two years later, in 1835, the Church (in Section 134 of the Doctrine and Covenants) puts itself on record as to its belief in law and government. The first verse we are all familiar with. It reads:

"We believe that governments were instituted of God for the benefit of man; and that he holds men accountable for their acts in relation to them, both in making laws and administering them, for the good and safety of society.

"We believe that no government can exist in peace, except such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual the free exercise of conscience, the right and control of property, and the protection of life."

The latter verse explains the wars in Europe at the present time, for in the warring countries their people, not in accord with the ruling regime, are denied these three things: 1. the free exercise of conscience; 2. the right and control of property, and 3. the protection of life.

I must confess that until quite recently I took for granted the personal liberty which we enjoy in this country. These parts of the Doctrine and Covenants which I have quoted, and other parts, with the opinions we have of early Church leaders, seemed to me to belong to another time and generation. I now believe that only if we prayerfully follow the advice given us in these sections will we be able to combat the insidious forces arrayed all over the world against free governments. It is that same old pre-world struggle for free agency.

As I see it, we women of this country have not done all that we could with our vote. When we were striving for the franchise we promised almost a state of Utopia if we were granted it, and from what I can read, instead of changing the votes for the better, all we have done is swell the former totals. Very often this summer I heard women close a political discussion half apologetically,—"Well, I really don't know enough about the question to vote intelligently." Our saying that "it is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance," certainly includes the women. We must arouse ourselves, and while helping out in local problems as most of us do—seeing that we get better schools and safer streets for our children—not suddenly discover that the government has taken over the training of our children. As mothers we should teach them to appreciate their liberty and guard our laws that they may not lose the freedom we inherited. Let us study not only the national problems, but international ones as well, as they affect us, and seek earnestly the inspiration of the Lord in our actions, that we may do as He has instructed us:

"Wherefore, honest men and wise men should be sought for diligently, and good men and wise men ye should observe to uphold; otherwise whatsoever is less than these cometh of evil."

BLOSSOMED TREE

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

(Awarded Second Prize in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest)

VESTA PIERCE CRAWFORD

Once more the orchard treadles at her loom
And finest threads the early weavers ply
Are wefted in this plum tree's gauzy bloom
With tracery of branches lifted high;
Oh make no echoed sound, walk softly now
To see these petals glossed and satin pale,
To see the flowers etched upon a bough
As broidery upon a wedding veil.

Yet even now the blossoms fall and drift,
Too brief are April's opalescent ways,
The splendor of the trees exceeding swift;
In this ephemeral hour springtime stays
I seek to hold the season's transcient gift
And garner beauty for unflowered days.

Hazel H. Greenwood

By Ruby W. Henderson

She was tall, her wondrous beauty of soul
Enhanced and animated her stately mien.
You felt her strength like unto the granite
Of the hills around her childhood home.
Her genial humor was like the sparkling waters
Of our crystalline mountain lakes.
She had the courage and fortitude of a cedar
That grows on the jutting cliff.
She had the sympathy and understanding
Of a heart beaten upon by many sorrows.
Her arms were ever lifted up toward the light.
She gave freely of her splendid powers
That good might triumph.
She was a leader, teacher, wife, and mother;
Yet with all, she was so sweet, so dear a friend.
—*Nellie O. Parker.*

THE above lines written for Sister Hazel Hill Greenwood beautifully express the thoughts of the many friends who knew her and loved her dearly. Her untimely death which occurred November 28, 1936, marks the passing of one of the most prominent, active, and beloved women of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and of the State of Utah.

Her activities were varied and versatile. She never failed to give her best to any task assigned her or any duty devolving upon her. She measured up to the very highest as a daughter, sister, wife, mother, friend, church and civic worker.

I loved this friend of mine with a deep and glowing love. We spent many wonderful, joyous hours together. They were profitable hours, too, for she brought me a rich store of knowledge and understanding. I shall always treasure the memory of her adorable smile as she came to the door of my home, and when I opened it she had some witty remark so that there was always a laugh and a tender word of greeting at her entrance. We never parted that I did not offer a little prayer of thanksgiving for the close association of so noble and brilliant and tender a friend. To me her friendship was priceless. I knew her innermost thoughts and ambitions. She was very humble and always underestimated her own abilities. She was deeply religious, with an abiding faith in God's purposes and His eternal justice. Her heart was tender and forgiving. Through all her sorrows and disappointments she showed a spiritual quality that was inspiring. In making adjustments she went on with head up, accepting the inevitable, believing in life, and grasping opportunities that one of a less courageous spirit would have insisted did not exist. I never knew her to be bitter or unforgiving. She was a happy, lovable disposition, wanting so to be kind and making other people happy. Yet in militant mood she was royal, and could fight

for right and justice with all the intensity of her strong nature. I loved her in these moods. There is nothing more heartening than to see a person who has the courage of his convictions. Her faith in the Gospel helped her meet life with a determination to prepare for the life beyond. To do this Hazel followed these words of the poet: "Let there be many windows in your soul, that all the glory of the universe may beautify it."

Her thirst for knowledge was never satiated. She studied constantly, taking Extension work and classes at the University, attending lectures, reading widely and intelligently. She believed with Longfellow that:

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward through the night."

HER brilliant mind gathered knowledge and sifted great truths tirelessly. One of the most beautiful companionships I have ever known was fostered between Hazel and Judge Greenwood because of this wonderful quality. They read books of philosophy, religion, fiction, travel, magazine articles, government administration, and it was a great source of satisfaction to the Judge to have such an able intellect always ready to discuss and argue over points of interest to him. She brought to the discussion a keen insight and ready wit that was a great delight to her brilliant husband. We often visited them of an evening and found them deep in a discussion of this sort, or talking over public affairs, political conditions, and government problems.

Before Judge Greenwood's illness it was their custom to walk out in the early evening and call on neighbors and friends. I like to think of them together coming up the walk, Hazel so buoyant and happy, the Judge smiling. Their visit to our house was always an event, a delightful half-hour or more that left us stimulated and refreshed. Her splendid qualities of mind were only a part of the wonderful attributes that contributed to this companionship.

SHE was a comely woman and her husband was very proud of her. She was always well groomed, a good housekeeper and thrifty manager, an excellent cook, often made her own clothes; and her clever fingers fashioned lamp shades, pillows, flowers, knick-knacks of all sorts to beautify her home, adorn her person, and as gifts to her loved ones and friends. Her home was her shrine. He was proud of her accomplishments, and gave her encouragement and valuable advice and assistance in her outside activities which were many and varied. The last two years of his life he was ill, and she was untiring in her tender care and devotion to him, and when he passed on, Grant, her son, was her comfort and strength. The devotion between the two was inspiring; his thoughtful consideration of her happiness was a source of great joy and satisfaction to her.

Her brothers and sisters loved her dearly. Only the Friday before she went to the hospital her brother Louis went to her home, and they went together to visit their sister, Mrs. Rockwood. Hazel told me about it and said, "We had such a good time together. I love them all so much. It's a grand privilege to be a member of a large family." Her widowed sister said, "How can I live without Hazel! She was so

good to me." She was so good to everyone. Her own deep sorrows and disappointments gave her an understanding heart that helped her sympathize with the troubles of others.

HAZEL was a born leader and organizer. The first time I saw her she was presiding at a Parent-Teachers Meeting at the Emerson School, and I was impressed with her dignity and graciousness and strong personality. Later, it was my good fortune to be called on the Liberty Stake Relief Society Board, and I met her again as Sister Myrtle Shurtliff's secretary. When Sister Shurtliff resigned a year later, Sister Hazel H. Greenwood was called to succeed her. She chose Sister Ida D. Rees and myself as her counselors. I have been most grateful for the honor and opportunities that came to me at that time; but infinitely more grateful for the precious friendship with this noble woman that grew out of that association. The wisdom and tact with which she administered the business of the board and affairs of the Relief Society of the Stake made for perfect harmony and highest working efficiency in every phase of the work. One of her Board Members said, "She unconsciously gave out a radiant joy that leavened the entire organization and made each one of us eager to do our best in every assignment."

Her ready wit and laughter have smoothed out many a strained situation. I like to remember the happy, clever fun-fests we have enjoyed together and can almost hear Hazel's hearty laugh now at some of the stunts and ridiculous games played. We came away each time loving each other and our work better.

Her call to the General Board of the Relief Society was inevitable. A woman of such outstanding qualifications of leadership and spirituality would be in a position to give invaluable service to many stakes instead of one. She accepted that call with the greatest humility and appreciation. I have heard Stake Presidents tell of the spiritual uplift, the understanding and spmpathetic help she has given them in convention work with their problems. She seemed to have the faculty of glorifying the common-place and making others, no matter how humble, feel that they were worth while. She gave unstinted praise. Her charm and intellect, her deep spirituality, her refreshing sense of humor and her understanding heart have endeared her to the women of every Stake she has visited. We are told she was a most valuable committee member because of her splendid powers of concentration on the subject at hand. The members of the General Board of Relief Society loved and admired and knew her worth. They have lost a most valuable worker. At her funeral service Apostle Ballard expressed in behalf of the First Presidency and Council of Twelve a deep regret and sense of loss to the Church at her passing.

Mrs. Greenwood was elected president of the Women's Legislative Council a year ago last March, and has administered its affairs with great dignity, tact, and efficiency since assuming office. I quote from the "In Memoriam" of the Council read at Memorial services held for her Thursday, December 3, at the Hotel Utah Ballroom:

"To the members of the Council Mrs. Greenwood was more than a President: she was a true friend, fair in all deliberations and decisions, an outstanding executive of rare ability, and an indefatigable worker. Harmony was always sought,

Her highest aspiration was for security, not only in the nation and the state, but especially of the home. To accomplish these ideals she devoted much of her life's efforts.

She was unstinting in praise, reluctant to criticize, always just, sympathetic and tolerant of human frailties. The center of her spiritual life was her faith in God which was reflected in her faith in humanity."

She was an active worker in the politics of the State, being a member of the Democartic party. She and Judge Greenwood were intimately associated with the late Governor Dern during his administration, and were close friends of Governor and Mrs. Blood. In March, 1935, after the adjournment of the State Legislature the Governor's Committee of Nine began its activities. There were appointed three members from the House of Representatives, three from the Senate, and three chosen by the Governor. Because of her splendid ability and training for public service and social work, Mrs. Greenwood had the distinction of being the only woman chosen by the Governor on this committee. It was their function to study State problems and make recommendations to the next legislature. Her assignment was to investigate the private charities receiving aid or appropriations from the State. The Governor and members of the committee congratulated her on her thorough investigation and intelligent report, which was handed in only a couple of weeks before her death.

Her activities extended into study and social groups where her richness of mind and charming personality endeared her to each member. Her hosts of friends mourn her passing.

Death reaches not a spirit such as thine—
It can but steal the robe that hid thy wings;
Though thy warm breathing presence we resign,
Still in our heart its loving semblance clings.

—*Holmes.*

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

By Ann Jarvis

Years pass and take their toll but touch you not,
My parents dear, the truest friends I own.
Instead, although swift, vengeful Time has flown
On wings of wind with poisoned spears death-fraught
And bearing in his hands the fatal draught;
Each passing season rather seems to loan
You both more hardihood. The seeds you've sown
In youth have blossomed in each wedded heart.

Since you have weathered storms without a qualm
And proved yourselves congenial as a team,
My wish is that as lovers arm in arm
And as a leaf floats gently down the stream,
You two will live in deep autumnal calm
And make of Life just one sweet happy dream.

Report on International Congress

By Amy Brown Lyman

COUNSELOR Amy Brown Lyman represented the Relief Society and Young Woman's Mutual Improvement Association at the International Council of Women's Triennial Meeting, held at Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, September 28 to October 9, 1936.

She sent a very exhaustive report of her trip and the meetings, some portions of which we print herewith.

WHEN it was decided to hold this meeting in Yugoslavia, the Yugoslavia National Council thought Dubrovnik would be a much more interesting place than Belgrade, the Capital, because it is a typical medieval city, centuries old, and the old part of the city is as it has always been. Belgrade, on the other hand, is a new modern city since the war. It was literally destroyed at that time and has since been practically rebuilt. It is called the modern concrete city of Yugoslavia. Dubrovnik, however, does not have enough hotel accommodations nor transportation facilities to take care of such a convention.

Dubrovnik, anciently known as Ragusa, was founded in the seventh century. It was one of the smallest republics that ever existed. It is located on the beautiful Adriatic Sea backed by huge mountains. The old wall is from thirty to forty feet high. It is intact and surrounds the city in a circular form from the mountains on one side to those on the other. There is a tall tower in the center of the city which was used anciently as a "look-out." And on one of the side walls there is a huge arsenal. The main street, King Peter Street, is about as wide as one of our avenues and is about one mile long. The other streets are all narrower—not more than eleven feet wide. They are all paved with stone. The rest of the place in this city is occupied by tall dwellings which look like great tenements all joined together. Each family owns its own suite of rooms. Wagons and automobiles are not allowed in the old city. The streets are too narrow and the people are too numerous. The food, merchandise, etc., are hauled about in hand-carts. They did, however, allow Lady Aberdeen's car to drive down the main street to our meeting places.

You enter in the city through a beautiful archway. The main buildings are the Doge's Palace, which, it is said, rivals the Doge's Palace in Venice, the Bishop's Palace, two old Cathedrals and the Theater. On every hand are beautiful archways and sculptured friezes. The theater resembles very much the old Salt Lake Theater with its parquet and three circles, the latter made up entirely of boxes which are all completely separated and are entered each by its own respective door. The boxes each hold six people. The old market, almost in the center of the town, is still used and is most interesting. The newer part of the city is built outside the walls and looks much like any ordinary city. Most of our meetings were held in the old city, in the Theater and the Town Hall. The committee meetings were held in a modern normal school building outside the wall.

Business hours in Dubrovnik are from 9:00 a. m. to 1.:00 p. m. and from 3:00 p. m. to 7:00 p. m. The banks open for the public promptly at 4:00 p. m. During the noon recess the people eat luncheon and visit. In the evening they promenade through the main street, and you cannot imagine anything gayer and more colorful than King Peter Street at night. It is here that young people meet in their Sunday best clothes, dance, fall in love, etc.

Richard the Lion Hearted was ship-wrecked near Dubrovnik, 700 years ago on his way home from the Holy land where he went with the Crusades, and was rescued by the people. In gratitude he left funds to build a church. This year (August) King Edward VIII visited the place. He created quite a sensation and won the hearts of everybody. The Duke and Duchess of Kent also visited here this summer and are planning on building a chateau somewhere near on the sea. It is said that this coast country will in time rival the Italian Riviera.

Yugoslavia, like the other Balkan Countries, is doing everything possible to attract tourists. The people are anxious to know the world and they would like to have the world know them. They have been brought up through wars and tribulations and have been controlled first by one nation and then another. They are now anxious to establish their country on a sound basis and to have the sympathy and approval of the great nations of the world.

THERE were only four delegates from America.

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Lady Aberdeen, after thirty-six years active service as President, retired and was elected as Honorary President. The new President is Baroness Pol Boel of Brussells, Belgium.

* * * * *

BARONESS POL BOEL

The meetings covered eleven days and were long drawn out owing to the fact that everything done had to be translated into the three official languages—English, German, and French.

THE outstanding meeting, of course, was the Inaugural Public session held in the theater. It was most interesting and colorful. The decorations of flowers and flags lent beauty to the scene. On the wall at the back of the stage were two large portraits, one of Queen Marie and the other of Little King Peter II. Hanging from the boxes around the theater were the flags of all nations which were represented, with the American flag hanging directly over the front center of the

stage. (Our Council, as you know, is the oldest member of the I. C.) On its right was the English flag. (Their Council is the second oldest.) In the Town Hall our flag also had first place.

Outside the theater, in front of the entrance, fifty girls in brilliant peasant costumes formed an aisle through which we all passed. They were animated and gay and their bright black eyes indicated Slavic snap and temperament.

The officers and dignitaries were seated on the stage. On the front row were Lady Aberdeen; Six Vice-Presidents; the Minister of the Interior, representing the Queen; the Mayor of Dubrovnik; Madame Petkovitch, the President of the Yugoslavia National Council. Behind them were Secretaries and Treasurers; the Conveners of the Standing Committee; Fraternal Delegates; and Presidents of affiliated National Councils.

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The Executive Committee presented three resolutions providing for (a) a Jubilee Celebration in 1938; (b) a Jubilee Fund; (c) for the establishment of a new standing committee on "Housing."

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The most intense feeling was shown in connection with the subject of Peace; the idea being that every organization should strive constantly for the continuance and strengthening of the League of Nations and for the upholding of the covenants of the League. The U. S. Delegation took no part in this discussion nor voting. They certainly approved of the clause recommending education for *Peace* throughout the world.

Some of the important decisions as embodied in the resolutions were: That the National Councils

(a) Continue to work for the eradication of slavery;

(b) Write a short history of their respective organizations and send a copy to the I. C.;

(c) Promote Journalism as a career for women and especially to keep the younger generation of women journalists well informed regarding the progress of the woman's movement;

(d) Keep a card index or bibliography recording National development in the woman's movement so that a complete survey might at any time be available;

(e) Work for the equality between sexes in respect of Nationality including the right of the spouses to independent nationality; also urge their governments to accord women the same rights and responsibilities of citizenship as men;

(f) Work for (1) the abolition of child labor, (2) continuance of part-time education and training for all young people, after the close of compulsory attendance, at part-time school, (3) for the raising of the school leaving age from 14 to 15 and even 16, (4) for better education for world citizenship, (5) for children's library;

(g) Urge the respective countries (1) to place women as well as men in the administration of Broadcasting and let them take part in the drawing up of programs, (2) to have popular information and lectures on the Woman's movement broadcasting in the respective countries;

(h) Urge women who have the vote to intensify their efforts before election in the interest of the best candidates;

(i) Continue the work for Equal Moral Standards among young people and for the abolition of prostitution;

(j) Recommend that women

workers join trade unions and mixed professional organizations;

(k) Make protests against all measures restricting woman's right to work, and provide for the needs for herself and her family by paid work; also see to it that married or unmarried women have the same rights as men to keep or obtain paid work;

(l) Work for prison reform;

(m) Foster an appreciation of films of artistic merit and pronounced social and educational value, so that production of such films shall be encouraged; and also do their utmost to disseminate information concerning them;

(n) Work against and condemn all films tended to bring one country in contempt in the eyes of the others;

(o) Considering the growing inter-dependence between the different parts of the world and the importance of international collaboration the I. C. W. recommends that the National Councils promote a better education for world understanding and collaboration, by fostering in the schools a spirit of good-will and understanding and by reforming, where necessary, the text books and the teaching of such subjects as history, geography and civics;

(p) By resolution the committee on Broadcasting and Cinema was divided into two separate committees.

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The following are among the interesting matters brought before the Council.

Standing Committee on Housing —Emergency Resolution. It was proposed "that a Standing Committee on Housing be set up by the International Council of Women in order to study improved methods of town and rural development planning, and to encourage higher standards in matters relative to the hygiene of housing and the comfort and well-being of the people in every condition of life." The Housing resolution was considered an emergency resolution and was presented because of the great importance of the women of the various Councils supporting the extensive plans for modern housing for working people, and for the abolishment of slums, which are going forward in many countries. Lady Aberdeen's daughter, Lady Pentland, was later made Convener of this Committee.

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Committee Meetings: In the final meetings held by the Standing Committees a prospective of future work was discussed. In the Committee on Trades and Professions it was suggested that the study for the next period would be: the effect of unemployment on the young people from fourteen to twenty-three; trade unions for women; insurance for intellectual and professional workers such as nurses etc., in fact a study of the whole question of social insurance.

In the education committee the questions recommended for study were: do the schools prepare children for citizenship; are children studying unnecessary subjects; are they learning to employ leisure properly; what can we do to improve our rural schools?

On the Trails of the Old Kaibab

By Elsie C. Carroll

CHAPTER VIII

AS the day of the rodeo drew near, more and more contestants gathered on the Buckskin mountain. Tents sprang up along the tree-bordered foothills of Pleasant Valley. Russell ordered extra supplies. Eating stands were erected at various points near the roping corrals. Additional waitresses and hotel lackies were hired.

Then spectators began to arrive. Families from towns in northern Arizona and southern Utah had come to make the annual rodeo the occasion for their yearly outings. They came prepared to stay for several days or weeks. Rangers and road workers drifted in from various points of the mountain. Sporting fans from near and far gathered. There were lively betting and speculations.

Detailed programs of the affair had been posted for weeks, and each day new entrants signed up. Besides the usual contests such as roping, milking, bronco-busting and so on, there were to be novelty features and spectacular exhibitions by experts barred from the regular contests.

Three events were scheduled for women, and Steve encouraged Helen to enter the contest for roping and tying calves.

The day before the celebration, cars streamed into the park at all hours. Others came early the next morning. By noontime thousands of people filled the wide flat in front of the V. T. hotel.

It was all new to Helen. She was as excited as a child.

ON the evening preceding the rodea, Russell staged a special program. Entertainers from the Grand Canyon Lodge and from Bryce Canyon came with unique stunts. He had imported a band and two dance orchestras, and served free refreshments.

When Helen went into the hall that evening, she saw Bernice Hawley sitting by Fred Grosbeck. They were talking earnestly, and, Helen surmised, about her.

She remembered Bernice's inquiry about Lon Dean, and her statement that her father had been looking for him. Helen had told Steve of this, but she had not confided to him her suspicion that Hawley himself was in some way connected with the cattle stealing. She was unable to understand just how this could be, but her feeling persisted.

Hawley had been absent from the Park for several days. He'd gone to Salt Lake City, presumably, for his wife. But tonight he was back again without her. Helen couldn't recall having seen him since that night he had gone away with the red-haired stranger.

Seating herself in a corner, she watched the gathering crowd. Presently Mrs. Carter came and sat beside her.

"Have you heard the latest news about Tess Morley? They say she's bought silk shirts for all the contestants. So everybody will get a prize whether they win or not. And after the rodeo she's going to have everybody out to her place—that means the men of course—for a big bon-fire party with drinks and sandwiches

—and," Mrs. Carter leaned nearer and cupped her hand more closely about her mouth, "they say she's having a lot of girls come out—to help her."

Such gossip was so distasteful that Helen excused herself on the pretext that she had promised the waitresses she would help them make up for a stunt they were to give on the program.

As she passed Wood Russell, she commented upon the crowd.

"Yes," he beamed, "this is the big time of the year for us. We don't get so much of the regular tourist trade as they do at the Lodge, but this sort of evens things up in a business way, and it's great fun besides."

As they stood talking, Steve entered. He was handsome in new boots, trousers, and bright shirt. Helen tried to imagine how he would look in evening clothes. He would be splendid, she thought, with his striking dark face, and his tall well-built body; but he wouldn't seem quite the same as in his picturesque cowboy costumes. No wonder Bernice was infatuated.

He crossed to her as Russell went to greet some in-coming guests.

"Have you seen Uncle Billy?" he asked.

"No. Is he here? It's ages since I saw him. Did your thieves declare a moratorium?"

"Nobody would miss the rodeo for the sake of a bunch of cattle," Steve laughed. "Now the calves have disappeared there isn't so much danger, though some years I *have* lost bunches of young steers, and I have a good bunch there at the ranch all rounded up. I've left Lon and two other boys out there, but of course Wood couldn't get along without Uncle Billy tonight. I may ride back after awhile."

"Lon? Is he able to be at work? What did he tell you?"

"Nothing. He can't remember what happened before he was sick. Isn't that irony, when he might be able to clear up this mess?"

"But won't his memory come back?"

"Possibly. Doc says it happens sometimes—with a shock or something that connects with the accident that caused the lapse. But it seems so hopeless. I wish I could forget the whole darned business."

"There's a great crowd here, isn't there?" Helen said; "and everyone seems happy and excited. Doesn't Bernice Hawley look sweet?"

"Oh, yeah." He was totally indifferent.

"I can't understand why you treat her as you do. Everyone knows how wild she is about you. It's too bad she doesn't spunk up and make you jealous by flirting with someone else. If she'd do that, maybe you'd be falling over yourself to be with her, like that young flier."

"I wish she'd try it." Steve's eyes rested on Helen's profile as she stood watching the scene before them. She turned and caught a glance she had never seen in his eyes before. It sent her own pulses racing. He quickly shifted his gaze to a group near the fireplace. Just then she caught sight of Uncle Billy and rushed to him.

IN another moment Wood Russell mounted the platform and the program commenced. As the great crowd in the long room sang "Out Where the West Begins," and "When It's Springtime in the Rockies," Helen thrilled with a feeling that she belonged here; that these were her people. She recalled occasions in her childhood when she had experienced terrible alien sensa-

tions—feelings of homesickness for something she had never known. She used to think it was a longing for her mother, or for her father who was not much more than a dream in her life. But tonight she felt that she must have been hungering in those desolate moments for the perfect satisfaction of this moment.

After the program there was dancing. One orchestra remained in the hall. The other went to an improvised outside-pavilion.

Uncle Billy drew Helen aside.

"I'm worried about Steve. He's letting things get him down. I've never seen the boy so quiet and hard to get next to. He won't talk things out like he used to. If I didn't know him so well, I'd think maybe on top of everything else he's in love. Last night I woke up and found him settin' out on the steps gazin' off into the sky. When a feller can't sleep after bein' on the go all day, they's somethin' wrong. I'm glad the rodea has partly taken his mind from his troubles lately. But if we can't clear this mystery up pretty soon, I don't know what's goin' to happen to him."

THE music started and couples began to dance. Wood Russell led Helen to the floor and called out, "This will be a cut-in dance."

Tess Morley, as usual, was the center of attraction. She was dressed in a striped sport suit, her dark hair bound with a band of silk blending with colors in her dress. Helen thought she had never seen a more striking figure. No wonder she was popular with the men.

Tess started the dance with Ted Reeves, drunk as usual. He was always following Tess as closely as she would allow. Presently Mr. Hawley "cut in" on Reeves. Helen noticed that they left the middle of the floor and went to a window where they stood in earnest conversation.

Wood brought her back to Uncle Billy. He pointed to Hawley and Tess, then nodded to Bernice who was watching them, anger and shame in her eyes.

"Something serious may happen in that family," Uncle Billy said, "if Hawley don't quit makin' a darned fool of hisself. That nice little girl of his is mortified to death. She thinks Tess is a bad woman—like all the rest of the females around here does."

Helen was sure that Hawley was not making love to Tess. Another link in the chain of her theory began to form. If only she might know the subject of that subdued conversation!

When the second dance started, Helen was confronted by three partners—Steve Heyden, Fred Grosbeck and Pete Rockwood.

"Thank you all," she said laughing. "I think I'll dance with Mr. Rockwood. I want to see when he and Pegasus will take me for a ride over the canyon." She saw Fred and Steve talking for a moment, then Fred and Bernice began to dance and Steve disappeared.

He did not come back to the hall. Helen decided that he must have returned to the ranch. The party seemed suddenly dull, and she soon went to her cabin.

BY ten o'clock the next day the rodeo was in full swing. One after another, to the stir of music and the shouts of the spectators, the scheduled events were pulled off. Helen had never witnessed such swift, sure movements, such cool daring. Each moment it seemed that some man must meet his death. The corrals were a turmoil of plunging

horses, bellowing cattle, and singing ropes.

Provision had been made for possible accidents. A cabin had been fitted up for an emergency hospital, and Fred Grosbeck was on the job. Helen heard comments about accidents of previous years. Two years ago one rider had been instantly killed. Every year someone was hurt.

Tess was busy with her movie camera. She moved from place to place about the corrals, accompanied by her corps of volunteer assistants, in an effort to get the best views.

A short time after the contest started, Helen was standing not far from Mr. Hawley and Bernice when she saw Hawley walk quickly from the crowd. Alert as she had come to be of his movements, she watched him. Looking back to see if he had been observed, he moved to a clump of trees a short distance back of the hotel. Helen could see two horses, and she was sure that one was mounted. Hawley took the other horse and the two men rode into the woods. Helen couldn't be sure, but she felt that the other rider was the sandy stranger.

Between the various types of contest-events, the exhibitions by professionals were staged.

Helen did not see Steve until he rode into the corral to exhibit fancy roping. How romantic he looked circling round and round on his plunging horse, sending the long lasso whistling through the air with sure aim to the horns or hoofs of his victim. Though his maneuvers brought shouts of applause from the crowd, she found herself in an agony of fear lest he would be hurt.

During the contest which followed Steve's exhibition, one man *was* hurt. He was dragged for rods by his horse and one of his hands was mangled. The sight of it made Helen ill.

Finally the roping contest for women was announced. She had wished all morning that she hadn't entered. But now she must go through with it. There were two girls besides herself and Tess Morley. Each was to give a short demonstration of rope manipulation, then they were to compete in a calf-tying contest.

They drew for places. Helen drew second, and Tess fourth. The girl who preceded Helen did only fairly well with her rope exercises, but she was warmly cheered by the crowd.

Helen felt smothered and almost faint as she rode into the corral. How grotesque this would all seem to Aunt Nettie, to George, and to everyone she had known until two months ago! It seemed she was no longer Helen Latimer. She was Sammy Huntsman, a child of these mountains. That thought cleared her mind. She sat erect and steady, waiting. Then came the signal.

She was performing for her father whose blood surged in her veins. She was performing for Steve Heyden who was somewhere out there in that surrounding throng watching her. One after another she went through the intricate manipulations he had taught her. As she rode back to the gates, she caught sight of him standing by the judges' platform, shouting his approval with the crowd.

Though the applause for her and for the other girls had been satisfying, when Tess rode into the enclosure, there was a wild clamor. Before she was through, however, Helen found herself cheering with the rest. The movements of the others had been true, but mechanical. Tess' every motion was grace and poetry. She swung one coil after another as if it were play.

Helen watched Steve and saw the admiration in his eyes. No wonder! They were kindred artists. When Tess finished, with the other men in the crowd, Steve threw his hat into the air and shouted.

And why shouldn't he? Helen tried to fix her mind on the roping contest which was now to begin.

Calves were turned into the corral, and at the sound of a pistol shot the four women rode in at opposite gates and each picked from the wild melee a bellowing victim. The horses plunged and reared. Helen threw her rope at one calf and missed. She wheeled and threw again. The instant her rope sailed through the air, she saw another coil coming toward the same calf. With chagrin she realized that she and Tess had lassoed the same animal. The pistol shot was heard as the two women leaped to the ground and ran to the victim to loosen their ropes. For a moment their eyes met above the struggling calf. Helen read anger and hate in the other's black eyes. She shuddered. The thought flashed to her that this woman believed she had come to the mountain as a rival. . . .

Burning with humiliation at the unfinished thought, Helen rode from the corral.

The judges wanted the two to contest again, but they both refused.

(*To be continued*)

The Greater Death

By Miranda Snow Walton

(Awarded Third Prize in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest)

There is a greater death than that which comes
When God extinguishes life's sacred flame,
For Faith can light that path, and show to man
The peerless palaces from whence he came.
It is when vision's gone, and courage dead;
It is while human hearts are chained with hate,
When love no longer whispers "Hope," to pain,
That death despairs, and grief is desolate.
When the soul sees no to-morrow, then it knows
A night of gloom for which there is no dawn;
Oh, weary world, could you but learn this truth,—
Death is not death unless Faith, too, is gone.

Little Moments of Eternity

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

By Lella Marler Hoggan

PATTERNS

Take Time To Plan

"As we journey through life
Let us live by the way."
—*Moore.*

OUT of the vast stretches of eternity the Master has given to each of his children a little span of time to be spent here in the earth life before voyaging into the land of Life Everlasting.

Since that long ago day, when the parents of the race groped their way out of Eden into a world filled with necessary tasks and requirements, man has spent a measure of his time providing himself with the necessities of life. By the work of his brain and his hand he has shortened his hours of labor and lengthened his moments of leisure.

These little moments of eternity that we flaunt so carelessly, have cost the race long years of patient toil and earnest study. Knowing this, should we not treasure them more gratefully and use them more discreetly?

"Character," said Elbert Hubbard, "is the result of two things—mental attitude and the way we spend out time."

Each small portion of time is a little part of eternity. The only way to save it is to use it so as to make a permanent mark on our souls for good. So spent, it is not lost.

The hour of beginning again is at hand. Last year's accounts are closed. The slate is washed clean, ready for the new record. What are we going to write into it? How are we going to spend the leisure hours of this year? Let us resolve to accomplish some of our long cherished hopes.

Why not make our program a matter of thoughtful planning and earnest prayer? The use to which we put our little leisure moments will determine our eternal progress. Surely this is a matter of sufficient importance to demand careful consideration.

Every great event in the universe was planned before it was accomplished. Careless, haphazard effort usually ends in futility. Any worthwhile service that is performed requires a recipe, a pattern, a blueprint, or a design. A charted course leads to a definite destination.

Out of the crosses and losses of long experience, patterns of life are evolved. After much trial and error, a plan that will work is discovered.

PATTERNS are the answers to difficult problems. They are the salvage carried from life's battlefield, the heart of materialized dreams. Patterns save time and energy. They forestall worry. They bring expected results. Why should we not profit by the wisdom of the long struggles of humanity?

The person with clearly defined objectives and a set purpose is not easily lured into the wobbly bypaths that branch off from the course of achievement. He does not loiter in surroundings that detract from his well being. His high purpose challenges all interference.

"I hear a voice you do not hear
That bids me not to stay.
I see a hand you do not see
That beckons me away."
—*Selected.*

OUT of years of wisdom come the brief bits of philosophy that shape our destiny. No need to grope among the dim half-truths and vague theories of men, nor to follow blurred ideals that lead only to disappointed hopes. Under divine inspiration great men have lighted their lanterns and hung them high that those coming after, by following the gleam, may reach the Harbor of Truth.

From Mt. Sinai Moses thundered forth the Ten Commandments. After these many years, they still stand as the foundation of law. In the Golden Rule the Master gave the most perfect behavior pattern—a single sentence, consisting of but eleven simple words. And yet for nineteen hundred years it has stood as the peak of good conduct.

The fundamental truths of the Gospel are forever the same. Can we not pattern life in harmony with these simple truths?

WE can not go back through the years and undo the past. After life's tapestry is completed we can not weave in a design to our heart's liking. Wasted hours can never be recalled. "Vanished yesterdays are the tyrants of to-morrow."

In making our pattern for the year's guidance let it be brief and simple and clear cut. Let it bear a definite relationship to our eternal progress and be an answer to the inmost desires of our heart. What may we do that will enrich and enlarge our lives, and add to our eternal development and joy: that will reach out into the lives of others to bless and encourage and uplift?

Let us write into our program that which will bring to us and to others "life more abundant."

A Manger and a Barn

By Eva Willes Wangsgard

MRS. BROWN was singing as she took the cookies from the oven. It was a long time since she had felt so happy. For the first time in weeks she was free from worry over how her family would be sheltered during the winter. They had always lived from hand to mouth and now her husband had been out of work for some time. It had always taken every cent Mr. Brown could possibly make for the necessities of life, for the Browns had six children and the parents were now just twenty-eight years old. Responsibilities had descended upon these two young things with such weight that they were all but submerged.

When they had had just twenty dollars left to face the winter her husband had asked, "Shall we take this last twenty dollars and pay for one more month's rent? Maybe something will show up in a month."

A sudden thought had occurred to Mrs. Brown; "No," she answered. "You know that old barn that father moved up by the foothills for housing his cattle when he brought them to town to sell? Well, he lined it with bricks and divided it into rooms so that he could stop there himself sometimes and save hotel bills while he was in the city. He even plastered some of the rooms. We could go up there, clean it out, and use that twenty dollars to make the necessary repairs. Then we would be sure of a house of some sort as long as living like this is necessary."

They walked up to look the prospects over that evening. The old barn looked so ugly and impossible that Mr. Brown exclaimed, "We can't live here!"

"We not only can, but we will," said Mrs. Brown and so they had. They were sure of shelter and warmth for the winter and Mrs. Brown was almost happy. The "almost" was because Peggy, their little ten year old daughter was so miserable. Naturally Peggy was a cheerful, happy child. She had blond hair that curled in tight little ringlets all over her head and her eyes were as blue as violets in the spring woods, but ever since she entered the new school she had been unhappy. The rings under her eyes were almost as violet as her eyes and rested like rainclouds on her pale face.

While her mother baked cookies and smiled, Peggy was walking home from school with two girls from her class, Evelyn Higganbotham and Mary Lee. Evelyn was talking animatedly to Mary Lee in a tone and manner that effectively shut Peggy out as though it were beneath her station to have Peggy even listen. Evelyn's hair was a rich chestnut brown and waved in precise little waves that were nearly as proud and just as rigid as Evelyn's attitude. It was quite plain that her life had been patterned in the same regular little ridges down which a child should walk, safe and sure.

"I shall ask mother as soon as I get home what story she thinks would be best for the contest. Then I shall begin right away to study it. I am sure I can win again, and mother will be so proud of me." Evelyn tossed her head in assurance. She was a good student and had won

many contests such as this re-told Christmas story contest which the teacher had announced that afternoon.

"I should like to enter, too," ventured Peggy. "O, what we could do with ten dollars! That's a grand prize. How I would work and if I won mother could get some of us some shoes!"

Evelyn punched Mary and giggled, "O, go lay an egg. You ought to be able to do that better than telling stories since you live in a barn. Why don't you ask the hens to teach you how?" Then she giggled again.

Peggy, crimson-faced, hurried ahead and burst into the kitchen. At sight of her mother's face free from worry she suddenly stopped and then ducked into the bedroom. When she felt better she came out. Her mother noticed that something was wrong but she, too, decided on silence.

AFTER supper the children of the neighborhood gathered to play "run, sheep, run" and "red apples" in the hollow. Peggy ran with the rest of them. The disagreeable events of the afternoon were but faint shadows in the background of this happy play. All went well until Evelyn was caught and had to be "it." She was trained to win and could not stand defeat. She sulked and would not play.

While it is true that children have an instinctive sense of fair play it is equally true that they have just as strong a mob spirit and can be converted into the most brutal little savages when under able leadership. Evelyn was a born leader and soon had the group around her ready to follow her whims. Suddenly, she jumped upon a rock and crowed as realistically as a cock. The children picked up the new game quickly. Someone mooed like a cow, another brayed, some bleated like sheep, and some cackled and quacked. Peggy enjoyed the antics of the children until the significance of what they were doing dawned on her. Then she rushed off home blinded by tears and followed by the gang of barnyard mimics shouting singly and in unison their chosen barnyard calls.

SHE rushed into the house and dropped on her knees beside her mother who held her baby brother all fragrant and pink from his evening bath and looking like a bunny in his fuzzy white gown. Peggy was too heartbroken to notice the baby and sobbed hysterically. Gently her mother moved her aside while she rose and tucked the baby into his warm bed; then, returning, she gathered her into her sympathetic arms. Pitifully Peggy sobbed out her grief. Every word cut Mrs. Brown like a scythe. Conquering her own voice she undressed Peggy and talked quietly to her all the while. Then she tucked her into bed and lay beside her until the little body began to respond to her love and sympathy. Finally she asked, "Can you listen to a story now, Peggy dear?"

Peggy nodded her head and Mrs. Brown began:

"Once long ago, in a far away land, a great and good people had been conquered by a powerful nation. Their conquerors were the Romans who collected taxes from their captives as all nations do. One day, the governor of the land sent out an edict that each person in this land of Judea should gather at once in the town of his birth that a census might be taken and all names registered so that an accurate record could be made and kept and the proper taxes levied and collected.

"Now there were, in the city of Jerusalem, a man and his new wife who like many of their fellow countrymen had wandered far from the city of their birth and therefore faced a long journey. They were poor and could travel only by donkey and they must travel many miles to the city of David, known as Bethlehem.

"They traveled slowly and arrived late at night. So many travelers had arrived ahead of time and the town was so little used to such crowds that the young couple could find no house to shelter them and no room in the inn, as they were already overcrowded. Finally, one innkeeper offered to let them spend the night in his stable. Many animals and numerous travelers were bedded there, but the young husband was glad for any place that offered his wife shelter and a resting place for she was not well. He made her as comfortable as he could in a manger and prepared for the night himself.

"Now there were in the same country," recited Peggy's mother, "shepherds abiding in the fields watching over their flocks by night:

"When lo, an angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them and they were sore afraid.

"But the angel said unto them, 'Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy,

" 'For unto you is born this day in the City of David a saviour which is Christ, the Lord,

" 'And this shall be a sign unto you, ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger.'

"And suddenly, there were with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and singing,

" 'Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men.'

"And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger."

"So, Peggy dear, if the King of Kings was born in a manger we can certainly live in a barn and also be thankful for its shelter as they were that night. He was a shepherd of men, when he grew up, and loved the sheep and all animals of the field. He loved little children. His chief mission was to teach people the virtues of a plain and humble life. Your little playmates just haven't learned His lessons very well yet. That is all." Her gentle voice stopped as she listened for Peggy's sobs. They also had ceased and with a long sigh Peggy fell asleep. Her mother lay quietly beside her for a moment fearing to waken her and then silently left the room.

DURING the following weeks Peggy was especially quiet and studious. She did her little household tasks in such a preoccupied way that her mother's patience was taxed to the breaking point, but Mrs. Brown sensed that her daughter was working out her own problems and left her to solve them in her own way, since in that way they were most likely to be permanently solved.

Peggy spent much time by herself apparently thinking and often Mrs. Brown thought she saw her lips move as she washed dishes or swept the floor. She had entered the retold story contest at school and it was that which took so much of her energy and attention, but she had not told anyone for she did not want to reveal the subject of her story.

WHEN the great day arrived, the contest was held in the school auditorium and the large hall was crowded with parents and visitors. The contestants drew numbers for position and Peggy's was number five. She was sorry about that for she knew that she would be too nervous to hear the other children's stories and she wanted to, very much.

Mary had drawn the coveted first place and Jack Hoyt, second. Evelyn was third and was cross about it. Another boy came between Evelyn and Peggy, who was last of all.

The children were well prepared and teachers and parents radiated pride as each well-trained child stood before the large audience and told the Christmas story of his or her choice. Evelyn did especially well. She was a beautiful girl, tastefully dressed, and a brilliant student. She had a pleasant voice, poise, and clear enunciation. All through her carefully chosen and well-prepared story, Mrs. Higganbotham beamed with pride. Everybody was sure that the prize was again hers. They scarcely had ears for the story told by the little boy who followed her.

Then came Peggy's turn. The faces swam before her eyes. She caught a fleeting glimpse of Evelyn's face in the front row and then her clearing vision caught her mother's face and the great audience sank away until to her they were no longer there. She saw herself weeping at her mother's knee. Before she was quite aware of it, herself, her story was well begun, just as she had said it over and over so many times as she washed dishes or walked to and from school.

She told them the story that I am telling you, only she told it so much better than I can because it was a page of life torn from Peggy's own heart. The great audience sat very still. They were listening against their volition as once, not so long ago, an audience was won over by a guachy country lawyer in the Virginia assembly and went away converted to his views.

Bravely on to the end the little heart poured out its message of humility and love until every eye was moist and handkerchiefs hid every face and the prize was undoubtedly won. Those who heard her declare that the light of heaven shone from her eyes and made a halo of the fringe of golden curls about her face, while the angels' "Peace on earth," sang in her voice.

It is not a normal condition when a nation such as America must bow under the disgrace of a set of circumstances in which one-fifth of our most deadly outlaws, our murderers, our machine-gunning desperadoes, are little beyond childhood. It becomes incumbent upon all of us, therefore, to recognize and admit the causes for such scandalous conditions, and, reaching beyond, to search for the means by which they may be remedied.

—John Edgar Hoover.

The Seventh Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains

By Blanche Kendall McKey

SYLVIA CHATFIED BATES, leader of the short story workshop group at the recent Writers' Conference held in Boulder, Colorado, made the statement that nothing better can happen to a beginning writer than the formation of a friendship with an editor. Anyone who stops to think about this assertion, no matter how inexperienced in writing he may be, can see immediately the advantages of such an association. A writer necessarily views the world from the production viewpoint; his mind is busy with problems of creation. Association with an editor shows him the other side of the fence—reveals the broad, keen, analytical angle from which the publisher not only appraises a piece of writing but also considers, as comprehensively as possible, the whole reading public. People—life—that is the subject-matter of writers; people—life—is the subject-matter of editors—but the former attempts to reflect people, while the latter strains to feed them. Singular as it may appear to many people, it was this presentation of the viewpoint of the editor, the publisher (perhaps given unconsciously), that rendered me the greatest service of the Writers' Conference.

WE scribblers of the Rocky Mountain region are an isolated group of workers. Geographically we are too far removed from the large centers to make personal contacts with men and women of vital influence in the writing field. In addition, in Utah and Idaho, we have created a type of writing of our own, one with many limitations, and no matter how deeply the writer may revere the standards and beliefs that have fostered this type, as an artist he feels a certain amount of restriction. Isolation and limitation are rather poor food for a sensitive, creative spirit, and are likely to breed a feeling of hopelessness, even of artistic desolation. For while it is true that every great piece of art comes from the sacred, mysterious depths of the artist's being, it is equally true that the artist is not likely to find his own depths without the inspiration, the aid of his fellows. It is in hope of reaching someone who may have felt my own bewilderment that this article is written.

FIRST, may I present a few details? The Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains is sponsored late in the summer of each year by the University of Colorado at Boulder. The Conference lasts three weeks. Anyone keenly interested in writing may apply for entrance. This summer there were one hundred and twenty-nine enrolled members coming from more than thirty states. The registration fee has been fifty dollars. A manuscript bureau is conducted through which a writer may receive expert criticism and advice concerning his work. A few manuscripts yearly are selected to be taken to New York with a view to publication. If you are interested, a request sent to Dr. Edward Davison, Director Writers' Conference, Boul-

der, Colorado, will bring you during the winter bulletins concerning next year's meet.

NOW for some generalities. First let me give you the attitude of the promoters of the Conference toward teaching creative writing. From every indication the promoters and leaders unanimously agree that the writer must teach himself how to write his stories, poems, plays, and other creative forms, but that certain technicalities and suggestions can be given him by sympathetic more experienced writers. The noted novelist, T. S. Stribling, was very emphatic along this line, holding that the basic point of a novel is that it must be done the writer's own way, but that certain fundamental things and "Don'ts" can be given him as aids. Another generality was the hopeful, extremely optimistic spirit exhibited toward the Western writer. To quote Mr. Stribling: "I predict that the West will be the next great, important source and place of American literature, because the West approaches the South in writability and resonance." Fulton Oursler, novelist, playwright, and editor of twelve McFadden magazines, feels that the West is an amazing source of fiction and that "writers have not scratched the surface as yet. Like New York, one can't write a novel about the West; it is the subject for a library." An amusing generality held by nearly all the leaders is that as a rule the over-crowded writing field yields little money. The serial is the most lucrative form of fiction and next to it comes the short story. Poetry is the poorest paid medium. Indeed, the majority of writers must seek other means of support in order to be able to write. The general attitude of the Conference leaders toward literary agents is interesting: A young or beginning writer does not need an agent. If he studies the various publications he can do as well for himself as an agent can. However, when he has advanced far enough to be, to a degree at least, in demand and to be facing the problem of contract-signing, a reliable agent will be a great ally. Writers do not need to seek agents; by the time their aid is needed the agents will be seeking the writers.

PERHAPS you are wondering how this Conference operated. The work was presented through public lectures in the Little Theatre of the campus, through round table conferences, and by means of five workshop groups meeting at different hours during the day: Poetry, led by Edward Davison; the Short Story, led by Sylvia Chatfield Bates; the Novel, led by T. S. Stribling; Playwriting, led by Carl Glick; and Miscellaneous Prose, led by Robert Penn Warren.

Let me give a brief account of these five enthusiastic leaders, all outstanding figures in the fields they represent.

EDWARD DAVISON, for four years a member of the Conference staff and this year the Director of the Conference, is at present Professor of English Literature at the University of Colorado. He was one of the original group of the *Saturday Reviewers* and for two years edited the *Wits' Weekly* page of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. The Guggenheim Foundation awarded him a Fellowship in creative writing in 1930. He has contributed to numerous periodicals in England as well as in America. His chief volumes of prose and verse are *Harvest of Youth, The Heart's Unreason,* and *The Ninth Witch*. A native of England and known all

over the United States as a lecturer, Dr. Davison possesses a dynamic, sympathetic personality which draws people to him. He holds that poetry is not something written in a book; it is much greater, more significant than that, being a quality in human experience. When all our being—mental, physical, spiritual—is alive we are experiencing poetry. When the experience brings spiritual insight and we have the power to express what we feel and comprehend, we become poets. So poetry as experience belongs to all people; and out of the universal springs the particular. "Great poetry can be read at any time and in any age," said Dr. Davison; "and poetry, at its very greatest, is always intelligible."

MISS SYLVIA CHATFIELD Bates is the author of six published novels, the most recent of which is *I Have Touched the Earth.* For six years the Fiction Editor of *The Woman's Home Companion,* she wrote serials and short stories for the *Companion, Scribners,* and other national magazines. For the past ten years Miss Bates has been in charge of the Fiction and Short Story Workshop at New York University. This remarkable teacher feels that a writer must be first a *person.* The qualities of a real artist she gives as being: integrity, sincerity, spontaneity, innocence of eyes, integration of the soul. By the latter is meant a person's ability to pull himself together, to draw the various conflicts of his being into a unity which is strong. "The artist is emotional, childlike. He observes stern loyalty to truth. If the artist is a writer he has a feeling for words. They thrill him—both through meaning and sound. Then he must have the ability to transmute emotions through these symbols. The unpublished genius is the rarest thing on earth." Miss Bates is strong for the plotted story, feeling that all people like a pattern, perhaps because life is so patternless and incomplete. In art we strive to make a whole.

T. S. Stribling is the author of thirteen published novels, including his trilogy, *The Forge, The Store, The Unfinished Cathedral.* For *The Store* he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1933. His most recent novel, *The Sound Wagon,* was published this year. At one time Mr. Stribling practiced law. During the past year he has been instructor in novel writing at Columbia University. In associating with Mr. Stribling perhaps one appreciates most his kind, delightful sense of humor.

In speaking of the theme of his trilogy, Mr. Stribling holds that catching glimpses of eternity are impractical as writing material in our mechanical world. "Our social, technological, and moral set-up makes a social religion, rather than a spiritual religion, necessary. We cannot be distracted nor take time to conceive what disembodiment would be like. Our physical, mental, and moral energies are set on making social religion a going concern. We cannot get our hands nor our brains on the intangible. Such is the spirit of the times, against which neither you nor I dare struggle with a hope of success."

In discussing his political novel, *The Quiet Behind the Sound Wagon,* Mr. Stribling expressed himself as favoring the establishment of a political school in each State, the school to be free from politics. Cadets would be appointed in much the same way as they are chosen for Annapolis. He believes that graduates of the political college would inevitably form a code as honorable

as that of the man from Annapolis or West Point.

CARL GLICK, successful playwright, critic, and writer of short stories depicting Chinese life in America, holds the record of having built the first city-owned, city-built Little Theatre in the United States, which is in San Antonio and was opened in 1930. Of the Little Theatre movement he says: "The most amazing thing in the history of the theatre is happening in America today and is found in the Little Theatre movement, which has taken this most democratic art of all and has given it back into the hands of the people. We all love spoken drama so much that we are going out to get it. We are producing our own plays all over the United States in more than two thousand Little Theatres. Don't go to Broadway! Stay home! Write and produce plays in your own city, for there you will find the theatre of tomorrow."

Mr. Glick, before devoting his entire time to writing, was a member of the English faculty of the University of Colorado. Speaking from the viewpoint of the social worker and the creative artist, he praised the Federal theatres all over the country, expressing appreciation to the Government for promoting this altruistic movement.

ROBERT PENN WARREN, poet, critic, and editor of the *Southern Review,* teaches creative writing at Louisiana State University. Although a young man barely out of his twenties, Mr. Warren last spring was awarded the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship out of eight hundred and thirty-six applicants. He is the author of a volume of poems and a biography of John Brown. In speaking of poetry and our machine age he said: "Possibly the entire purpose and function of the poet today may be to save us from a super-scientific world. What time is going to say about modern poetry I can only conjecture; but it does satisfy something which the world H. G. Wells depicts in *The World to Come* does not."

HOW inadequate this brief summary is! And yet we must hurry on. In addition to these five workshop leaders some fifteen or twenty speakers and author-advisers participated in the work of the various groups. There is not time to present them here, but I wish to refer to a few. C. E. Scoggins is an author familiar to readers of *The Saturday Evening Post,* for which magazine he writes exclusively. In a discussion concerning truth in fiction Mr. Scoggins said: "A truth depends upon a person's background. What is true to one is false to another. In fiction we try to give an impression of truth to the kind of audience our readers are. We attempt to transfer to the reader's mind the impression which life has given us. Fiction is the stripping of truth and the adding of overtones." Martha Foley has endeared herself to hundreds of beginning writers. She and her husband, Whit Burnett, in 1930 established *Story,* a magazine which makes its selection on the merit of the material submitted, not on the reputation of the author. Miss Foley, herself a recognized writer as well as editor, said: "The most significant development in the short story is the growth of social consciousness. There has been social awareness before our time, but our period is differentiated in that the writings are definitely on the side of the people. The short story is not only an art form, but it is a part of the life of a people. Its

vitality and importance are being felt all over America and in Europe." Lenora Mattingly Weber, author of three Western juvenile books and many short stories, came to the Conference to talk about juvenile tales but was way-laid by questions concerning the confession story. Mrs. Weber contended that sex stories, as a confession type, are no longer in demand. She herself has won one one-thousand dollar prize, two five-hundred dollar prizes, and three two-hundred-and-fifty dollar prizes and not one of her stories was based upon sex. Her formula for a successful confession story is: "Let them do wrong for twelve pages and then repent for twelve pages. The greater the mistake the deeper the repentance, and so the stronger the story." Mrs. Weber sent regularly to *The Ladies' Home Journal* for eleven years before she had an acceptance. Fulton Oursler, editor of twelve McFadden publications and the author of *Behold This Dreamer, The World's Delight, Joshua Todd, The Spider,* and other novels and plays, gave the writers encouragement in several ways. He offered substantial prizes for fiction; his own sympathetic personality and understanding viewpoint inspired confidence; his message to beginning writers was optimistic. His farewell words were: "I think I know of no courage greater than that of a writer who keeps trying again and again, meeting failure after failure —the writer who goes back to his task though beaten at the time, who tries to put joy and entertainment into his writing though working with a broken heart, the man who will not stop until he has reached the top."

IT is very hard indeed to know where to stop—these writers are so interesting and have such inspiring messages! I cannot close without mentioning two others; it would be a pity to overlook their contributions. Although it was Robert Penn Warren who told us that we know there is a God because such things as poetry exist, and other speakers' words were graced by inner light, it was perhaps J. McBride Dabbs who lent the greatest spirituality to the Conference. There is no time here to develop his philosophy; let me quote him briefly: "I am convinced that our modern industrial life is adverse to the religious life of today. My general belief is that religious values are extremely weak in our churches. Consequently the average person thinks he does not have religious values. In my opinion they exist, scattered here and there through life. I believe man needs to be aware of these moments which are religious and cherish them. Religion is not a matter of Sundays, but of a series of moments. Yet the working man cannot live a significant religious life moment to moment because of our industrial life. Unfortunately, the man exists for the machine, not the machine for the man. Man has been made an automaton by the very complexity of life. If we hope to make improvement, we must realize that material products of industry are not as important as human values." Mr. Dabbs' new book, *The Religion of a Countryman,* will be released by the publishers very soon.

A BOOK of strong appeal, especially to us children of pioneers, is *The Westward Star,* which was reviewed by the author, Frank Ernest Hill. It is a novel in verse depicting life on the plains in 1847. Although the Mormon pioneers are given just a page or two, and the

company in question settle in California, we who are spiritually tied to desert tales thrill with this story, told in charmingly simple words. In concluding Mr. Hill reveals the mind of one of his chief characters.

"Dreamers of kingless kingdoms!—
Now they have seized the land
From shore to farthest shore.
But, Sarah thought, the land had seized them too,
Taking it to them more and more
Through the slow years with tightening hand."

Perhaps you know a personal story of someone who changed himself in conquering a wilderness and helping to build an empire.

THE spirit of the Conference was not all work and no play. There were social events, one of which will long remain in the memory of all participants. One calm evening the Chamber of Commerce entertained the Colorado Authors' League and the staff and members of the Writers' Conference at a beef steak fry on the top of Flagstaff Mountain, which towers above Boulder a thousand or two feet. On the very edge of the mountain the CCC boys have built of rock and stone a circular amphitheatre with a small stage at one side and a round enclosure for a bonfire in the center. An immense red moon arose before the light of the sunset had died out. The fire of pine logs blazed high. Breath of living pines mixed with the scent of the burning. Below were the arcs of Boulder; far-off the lights of Denver; above were many stars.

I KNOW that I should draw conclusions. Let me merely say that I feel as a stranger does when he installs a telephone. He will not use the instrument very much; he has few friends to call him. But he has established possible contact. Nor is that contact merely physical. There is a spiritual essence that comes from feeling with people, from catching the vision of great minds, an essence that lifts and makes one feel that, although he is very small in the writing world, he has a place somewhere—that, because he has much to give by way of emotion, he is really a part of what we vaguely call "artistic America."

An Ideal Method for Studying the New Testament

By Adena W. Swenson

(Presented in the Relief Society Conference of the Manila Ward, Timpanogos Stake)

A Demonstration

Scene:—Any living room. Mother seated at small table reading Bible and R. S. magazine.

Characters:—Mother and three children, Grace, Jane and Mark.

(*Enter the three children.*)

Grace—What book are you reading, mother?

Mother—This is the Bible, dear. I am getting my Relief Society les-

son. This year the Theology lessons are about the Life of the Savior, which is found in the New Testament.

Jane—Grandmother told me last Sunday that when she was a little girl like me, before she joined our church, she learned a verse from the Bible every day and she remembers a lot of them now.

Mark—Yes, and she said her father used to read a verse from the Bible every morning before they had prayer. He said if they started the day out by thinking of the Lord they would feel happier all the day.

Grace—I wish I could learn a verse from the Bible. Read us some Mother.

Mother—Alright, come sit close beside me and you can help me prepare my lesson for tomorrow. This lesson is about the sermon on the Mount. People who spend lots of time studying Literature say some of the most beautiful verses in the world are found in this sermon. You children may read a few verses and we will discuss it together. When we find some verse that we especially like, we will memorize that one.

You know when Jesus lived in Galilee He spent much of His time walking from one village to another. As He walked He talked to His apostles and the people who followed him. One day the crowd was so large that He wanted to stand on higher ground so they could all hear Him better. So they went to a mountain, of course not as high as our mountains, where Jesus gave such a wonderful sermon that even today we call it the "Sermon on the Mount." Everyone should be able to repeat some of this lovely sermon. Jane, turn to the 5th chapter of St. Matthew and read from the 7th to the 9th verses.

Jane—(*reads*) —7th—Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.

8th—Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.

9th—Blessed are the peace makers for they shall be called the children of God.

Grace—What is a peacemaker?

Mother—This morning when the twins were quarreling over the red ball, Mark said, "Lets take the ball outside where we can all play with it." Soon you were all laughing and playing and Mark was a peacemaker. Now Mark you may read this.

Mark—(*reads Matthew* 5:11-12.)

11—Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12—Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Mother—The prophet Joseph Smith was arrested many, many times but was never found guilty once. He rejoiced that he was worthy to be persecuted for Christ's sake. Jane you read Matthew the 16th.

Jane—(*reads*)

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

I have heard our returned missionaries say that if all the Saints at home would pay their tithing, keep the Sabbath day holy and attend to their religious duties "Their light would shine" so that it would be easier to convert the people of the world to our religion.

Mark—Let's learn that verse, then when we do wrong we will remem-

ber it and try to make our 'light shine' brighter. Lets say it all together.

Altogether—"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good Works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

Mother—It was in this 'Sermon on the Mount' that Jesus taught the people how to pray. He doesn't want us to use too many words but to mean what we say. You children all know the Lord's Prayer. Let us repeat it together. (*All repeat the prayer together. At the end of the prayer a knock is heard at the door. Grace goes to the door. Enter two Relief Society teachers. Shake hands and the mother invites them to be seated.*)

First Teacher—Sister Brown we are so glad to see you and your children looking so well today. Since you have your Bible and Relief Society magazine handy, we will proceed at once with the Teacher's Topic.

Mother—The children and I have been studying the Relief Society lesson. We enjoy studying about the Savior.

First Teacher—I am so thrilled that the Teacher's Topics this year are the parables of the Savior. They are so interesting and I hope we can learn something in each one of them that we can use in making our lives better. The parable today is The Sower. (*She tells the story of the Sower. Matt.* 13:3-9; 19-23.)

Mother—That explains lots of things that have puzzled me. I have often wondered why we don't live our religion more fully when we hear it taught so often.

Second Teacher—I think the General Board of the Relief Society was certainly inspired this year when they chose the theology lesson, the teacher's topic and the reading project all from the New Testament. I wasn't satisfied with the results of the project last year from the Old Testament, neither my own, nor my district's accomplishments.

Mother—The Old Testament seemed so hard to read.

Second Teacher—The New Testament is easier and shorter to read. I suggest that we start from the first of the book and when we find something especially interesting we mark it until some of the children can read it out aloud. I have chosen a verse and printed a copy for each home in my district to hang on the wall. If we see it often, perhaps we can memorize a verse or two each month. (*Mother takes the verse. Matt.* 6:33.)

Mother—Thank you. We will hang it here children where we can see it. Who will learn it first? (*reads aloud*) Matt. 6:33. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." If we take advantage of these things that the Relief Society has outlined for us, we will be like Grandmother, with Bible verses in our Memory Garden that we can recall when we are lonely or discouraged.

Since we have heard that beautiful story of The Sower, lets sing a verse of that Sunday School song, "We Are Sowing, Daily Sowing." (*Chorister leads the audience in singing with the characters.*)

(*The End*)

Gifts

By Vera Hinckley Mayhew

JUST ten more days until Christmas! The children sang the words joyously, the newspapers printed them blatantly and Alice whispered them feverishly as she rushed from store to store. Ten days in which to do the work of ten weeks. It had seemed impossible to get at her shopping earlier. First Bob had had the "flu," then she had taken it and been in bed three weeks. She was hardly strong yet but Christmas preparations must be started.

She glanced from her wrist watch to the list she carried. It was almost noon and so very few of the things on the list had been checked off as done. Everything had gone wrong this year. The stocks were so small and poor that it was hard to make a selection. Things had already been picked over and the clerks were dead on their feet. She had handled things she didn't like, bought things she didn't want until she was sick of the whole Christmas business.

HER feelings were reflected on the faces of other shoppers. Such a clutching, grabbing mob. She had the feeling that if Christ were here today he would be as disgusted with this mad throng as he had been with the money changers of old. But perhaps there never had been a Christ! Certainly his teachings were little enough followed today. The celebration of his birthday had descended to a greedy exchange of gifts. Gifts? No it could hardly be called that. A gift was something given freely from the heart. Some thing that took with it a bit of the soul of the giver. These other things she had been buying today were not gifts, they were presents to others who gave presents to her. The gifts she looked at longingly and passed by. These she couldn't afford: the gladstone bag for Bob, an adorable little silk dress for Amy's Beth, a snuggly quilted robe for Sue, who had always been her best loved friend and for whom life was so pitifully hard just now.

It was especially too bad about the bag. It seemed a shame that the man who struggled so hard and turned every cent he earned over to his family should always have to smile cheerfully on Christmas morning and say thanks for shirts and socks, never could have any of the small luxuries that he would love. She bought the shirts and ties with a sigh and passed on to a consideration of things for the children.

Would the doll bed be too babyish for Molly? Molly was eight this month and whenever Alice thought of her a tiny spasm of fear clutched her heart. They had had such a time bringing the child to these eight years. This morning she had had a slight cold and Alice had thought it would be better to postpone her shopping trip. But the time was so terribly short that she had given careful instructions to her mother's helper and left home with a heavy heart.

THE winter dark had descended before Alice was through, and could climb into her car and drive wearily home. She felt frozen through, yet strangely soiled and sticky. Outside all day the wind had been bitter, penetrating the fur of her coat as if it had been sheerest muslin. Inside the stores had been warm enough but the odors of cafeteria food and hurrying humanity had made her faintly sick.

When she finally opened the door of her own home everything was so quiet that she felt instinctively that something must be wrong. She called out before she saw any one, "How's everything?"

"Fine," the mother's helper answered. "Molly has slept nearly all day and the rest are playing in the basement."

"Slept?" Alice cried in a high unnatural voice. "Oh, that isn't so good. She wouldn't sleep unless her temperature were rather high."

Alice dropped her bundles, hat, coat, purse, gloves without regard to where they landed on the way to Molly's room. The child's forehead was hot to her lips as she murmured. "Mother wil' just slip into something easier to work in and give you a nice cool sponge. You'll feel better."

After the bath and a light supper of fruit and toast the child seemed better and Alice was free to turn her attention to the rest of the family.

When the last one was settled and she lay at last on her own bed she thought she had never been so tired. But it was long before she could sleep. Her mind was a jumble of thoughts. The many things she had yet to do before Christmas, the inappropriateness of some of the things she had bought today, and constantly recurring the little demon of worry over Molly.

AT last she dozed, only to be wakened almost at once by the sound of coughing, dry, hard coughing that sounded as if it had no bottom and accomplished nothing. With icy fingers she groped for slippers and robe and stumbled into Molly's room. The child's head was clammy damp, but her hands were dry and hot. In panic Alice called to Bob and hurried to the phone to summon the doctor. But the doctor was out on an all night case. They worked alone through the interminable night. At times it seemed as if the child were better, but they never could be sure. Alice thought with a shudder of the terrible winter when Molly had had pneumonia.

WHEN the doctor finally arrived Tom had had to leave for the office and Alice without his calm sureness was a victim of her fears and imaginings. She could hardly move her legs, so weak they felt, to let the doctor in and take him back to Molly's room. The examination seemed endless. When he finally raised his head and said, "We had better get her into the hospital right away," it seemed to Alice that her life had been an eternity of waiting for those fearful words. She felt her heart turn into ice and slowly congeal her body. She just could force her stiffened lips to form the dread word, "pneumonia?"

At the sound of her strange voice the doctor looked full at her face and said gently, "Not yet. Don't worry. She isn't so bad, only it is better to fight this type with oxygen from the beginning."

He had said, "not yet" but he had said "this type" and Alice knew too deep for any words to affect the knowledge that it was pneumonia, that the child was sicker than she had ever been. It was better to be sure. She knew now what she had to face. Her voice was steady as she said, "I'll call Bob. Will you arrange for a room for us?"

Bob was home sooner than she had believed possible. As he placed the little blanket-wrapped form in her arms in the car she could scarcely restrain the desire to press the little one against her throbbing heart and cry out, "You can't leave us, oh, you

mustn't." But the little girl with trusting eight year old eyes looked into the mother's face and said, "Will I be home for Chrsitmas?"

"Of course, dear," Alice answered with a smile that was almost more than she could manage.

Christmas! Of what significance was Christmas? Oh, yes, it was supposed to be the birthday of the Savior of the world. For what had he saved it? For little ones to be torn from the arms of their mothers? For thousands to go hungry and shivering? A sorry place it was. Alice had always had a trusting child-like faith but the events of the past few years had made some pretty deep dents in her religious armor. Now she wondered if there were a God why his people showed so few of the attributes of divinity.

"You won't leave me, Mama?" Molly asked with a note of pain in her baby voice.

"No, I won't leave you, dear."

The child closed her eyes but the mother cried out within herself. "But what if you leave us? Oh, my darling, I had rather bear you a thousand times than lose you like this." How she hated to put the child in a hospital, cold, unfeeling, an institution.

THAT first day was one long nightmare of half-hour periods. A half-hour under the oxygen tent, a half-hour of hot packs. To Alice, watching the little girl so still and blue, it seemed as if all her life had been lived in this hospital room watching for the pink to creep into Molly's fingers and lips under the blessed tent watching the dread blue return in such a few seconds when it was taken away.

FROM somewhere she gathered strength to go through that day and endless other days. She moved as a woman in a dream. Nurses came and encouraged her to drink hot, strengthening liquids. Office attendants summoned her to the phone over and over that she might assure Bob, who must keep working, that everything was just the same. On the second morning when she came into the hospital she noticed that the nurse on duty was familiar. Her own little sister.

"Why, Florence, how did you know?"

"Mother called me and I came," the girl answered simply.

"But you were on your honeymoon? What about Charles?" Alice asked.

"He told me to come. Often the difference between some one the child knows and trusts and a stranger is enough to make all the difference."

"How can I ever tell you how grateful I am?" Alice asked while the tears streamed down her face.

"No need. I'm not doing anything I don't want to do."

For the first time a feeling of gratitude entered Alice's heart. She began to notice others and to sense, at least partly, the part they were playing in the drama of her life. As she entered the hospital so early every morning the attendants stopped to ask her how the child was. Relatives of other patients knocked softly on the door and made kindly inquiries.

ON the fifth day the doctor said, "You can stay tonight" and she knew the crisis was near. She sat by the child's bed weary in every bone and almost too numb to think. Late in the evening the superintendent himself wheeled in an operating cart. "It isn't awfully comfortable," he said, "but it is better than sitting up all night." Bob helped her on to the cart, covered her gently and held

her hand as together they watched while the fever shot up, the child became delirious and the rapid breathing more and more uneven. Two nurses worked madly and at last when the watchers felt they could bear it no longer the child resumed a more normal breathing and the doctor said, "I believe she'll make it."

IN the next few days Alice came to know more of the workings of a hospital. It was a little city in itself. A city of pain and sorrow and death. But a city of love and kindness and sacrifice. Every day people did things for her that were far outside the bounds of duty and she in turn felt the desire to extend comfort and help. All these, Molly's neighbors, had a place in her thoughts and prayers. She came to know the special nurses and each morning was anxious to hear of the progress of their patients. There was one little nurse that interested her greatly. Stevens, the other girls called her. She was nursing the pneumonia in 208 who was the mother of five children. "No one thinks she'll live but her husband and me." the girl told Alice. "I know she will and I'm not going to give up or rest till she goes home, if I only weigh eighty pounds."

IT was four days, three days, two days until Christmas. Alice's preparations were forgotten. She got a few simple gifts for Molly to have for her nurses on Christmas morning and she helped with the tree being planned for the children in the ward. She was so busy and so thankful for Molly's improvement that she forgot to resent it that the child would not be home for Christmas or to worry that her own Christmas preparations would not be made."

Christmas Eve she stayed all night at the hospital to watch the even breathing of her child and just be thankful. She must have dozed in her chair for she was wakened by the sound of music.

"Glory to God, Glory to God,
Glory to God in the highest.
Peace on earth good will to men
Peace on earth good will to men."

Alice looked toward the bed where Molly stirred slightly and murmured, "The music is pretty, Mamma."

"Pretty!" Alice thought. "It is divine. An expression of the spirit of the Master. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these the least of mine. . . .'!" Once again the music came.

"On earth peace, good will to men."

AT home her table would be piled with presents. But here in the hospital she had found gifts. Gifts of the spirit. Purified by suffering she was able to see the spirit of the Master reflected in his children. She began to count her gifts and the givers. The little sister who gave her honeymoon so willingly and the young husband who would not have it otherwise. The nurses who gave attention far above their price. The visitors who brought cheer to an overburdened heart.

Suddenly she understood the spirit of Chrsitmas. It did not belong to one season only. Life was full of gifts. Here in a hospital room she had found the spirit of Christ and she knew that where his spirit was in such abundance was the sweet assurance of the existence of God, who looks after little children and bestows upon all his gifts.

Notes from the Field

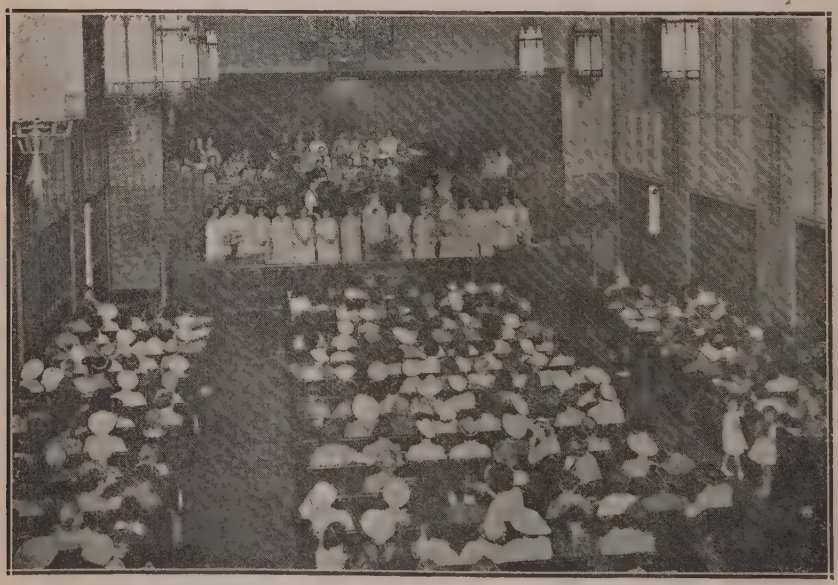
Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

Hollywood and Pasadena Stakes

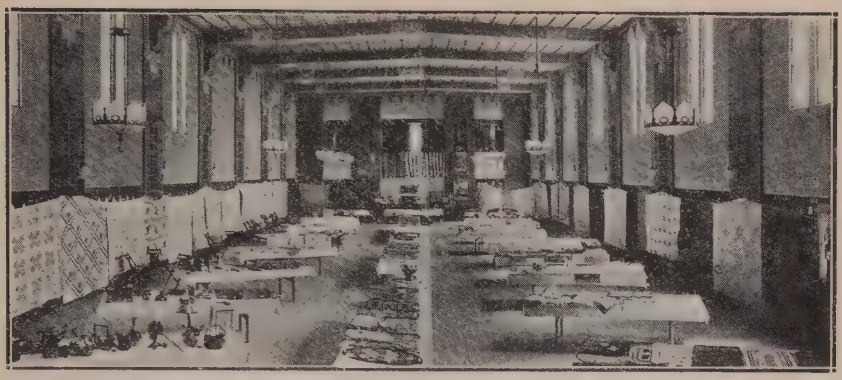
HOLLYWOOD and Pasadena Stakes, though the division was made earlier, worked together until the conclusion of the Relief Society year in June, 1936. The accompanying pictures are examples of the joint efforts of these two splendid Stakes. The one is of a pageant, which graphically explained the educational work of the Relief Society, and the following picture is a beautiful display of the handicraft work. These two pictures speak for themselves, and tell most completely of the skill, ingenuity and artistry of these fine Relief Society workers. With the opening of the latter part of the year's work, their efforts will be directed into their respective Stakes, and we certainly expect much from them.

Rigby Stake

DURING the present Fall one of the veteran Relief Society Presidents was released, and a most beautiful testimonial was given in her honor. For eighteen years Sister Lettie E. Call has given devoted service to the Relief Society cause, and has been the President of the Rigby Stake for more than twelve years. Her co-workers and the people of the community which she has served so long and so well, joined in the lovely event, which took place in the Stake Tabernacle in Rigby. Tributes from the people of the Stake, including the Priesthood, were in rich abundance. The Relief Society Stake Board presented Sister Call with a beautiful wrist watch. The General Board of Relief Society regretted very much



PAGEANT, HOLLYWOOD AND PASADENA STAKES



DISPLAY, HANDICRAFT WORK, HOLLYWOOD AND PASADENA STAKES

not being able to have a personal representative in attendance, but they sent their expressions of the high regard in which Sister Call is held. They are deeply grateful for the fine cooperation always experienced from her in her work. Sister Call retires with the love and best wishes of all who knew her, for many happy useful years yet to come.

Mount Ogden Stake

ANOTHER Relief Society sister who has won great distinction for her leadership and fine service is Sister Almira C. Rich. For nearly a quarter of a century, Sister Rich has been identified with the Relief Society work in the Mount Ogden Stake, and the effect of her leadership has been in evidence in every field. In October of this year the Relief Society organizations of her Stake joined in giving a most beautiful testimonial in recognition of her fine services. This was held in the Twelfth Ward Chapel in Ogden, and each Ward of the Stake assumed responsibility for the fine event. A program of excellent music by the Singing Mothers, and expressions of appreciation for Sister Rich from her co-workers, offered a very pleasant afternoon's entertainment. This happy event was concluded by a social hour in which all participated.

Lost River Stake

ON August 21st, the annual flower show of the Lost River Stake was held at Darlington. According to the press report, all previous shows, which have been representative of the best the valley could produce, were eclipsed by this year's display. The beauty, variety and arrangement of the flowers was particularly artistic. A record number of people attended the program, and afterwards inspected the handwork of the sisters of the Stake. This Stake also records the work of one of its Visiting Teachers, who is a convert to the Church, and for the past nine years has never missed visiting her district. If her companion is unable to go she does not fail to make the call.

Deseret Stake

THE following is an account of the manner in which the *Magazine* Drive was so successfully conducted. The Magazine Agent in the Delta Second Ward cooperated with the Relief Society officers in serving a hot dinner, which sold for

PAGEANT, JEROME WARD

25c per plate. The materials used for the dinner were donated by the members. The proceeds from the sale of the food was divided equally among all who helped, and this was found to amount to 80c per person. The money was given to each individual with the understanding that she subscribe to the Relief Society Magazine. This, together with the house to house visit by the Agent, proved to be a very successful method of securing the desired results.

Blaine Stake

THE above is a picture of a most beautiful pageant which was presented by the Jerome Ward Relief Society. It furnished the program for the Ward Conference and was given under the able direction of Viola Redford, Ward Chorister. This pageant of "The Gate Beautiful," is most expressive of the aims and hopes of the Relief Society women in their educational program.

Bear River Stake

THE Bear River Stake decided to try out the plan of holding district conferences during the Summer months. The object was to bring closer contact between the Ward Officers and Members. There were five of these district conferences in which every Ward participated. The first was held July 28, 1936. The Presidency from each Ward was invited to attend, and at the close of the program a social hour was spent and light refreshments served. It proved to be a most successful means of bringing about the desired result, and drawing closer the bonds of love and harmony between Stake and Ward workers. The program of the conventions consisted of fine music, addresses of welcome by the presidents, and inspirational talks on the subject of "Growth Through Service."

Notes to the Field

DURING the coming year it is hoped that the Stakes will report their fine activities to the General Office. Be assured that the material will be used just as soon as possible. There are two issues of the *Relief Society Magazine* where it is impossible to include the "Notes" and these are the May and November issues, when all available space is required for a report of the General Relief Society Conferences. The office wishes to thank the Stakes for their fine co-operation in writing up interesting events. The material is used just as nearly as possible in the order in which it is received at the office.

Literary Department

Abraham Lincoln. As you go to meeting, go over carefully what you know about Abraham Lincoln. As you walk home consider what you have added to your store of knowledge. Make note of all the stories of home life you come across. What qualities did Lincoln show in smoothing difficulties in his home? pp. 272-276. In studying Abraham Lincoln mothers will have a delightful opportunity of getting close to their children and in having a common interest. They should tell their children what they learn about Lincoln and have them in turn try to find out all they can to tell about this great President. A Lincoln scrapbook would be most valuable for the children in the home.

Many of the chapters from the Carl Sandberg book on Lincoln might be cut for excellent readings which would be most suitable for programs on the 17th of March. Some suggestions follow: The Boy Baby Arrives—chapter 4, beginning at the fourth paragraph on page 9, and ending at the middle of page 10. (short but well written.) The death of Nancy Hanks Lincoln. Page 23-25, Chapter 11. Keepsakes and Verse of Lincoln, Chapter 63, page 197-206. Many other portions of the book could be used, as the stories told and the style of writing are both exceptionally good.

There is a wealth of idealism and worthy purpose indicated in the study of the life of Abraham Lincoln. He was eager for reforms in our social and political life. "The foundations of American society were laid by men who endured economic want and physical hardships that they might gain access to opportunities few in number and inconsiderable in importance as compared with those which today lie close at hand for all of us." With these thoughts in mind select music for the lessons which will rekindle love of country and our Flag— a symbol of Liberty. "America," "America the Beautiful," "The Flag Without a Stain," and many other patriotic songs could be used to good effect. "Your Mission" was one of President Lincoln's favorite songs. The words are found in "Heart Throbs." If you can do no better, let it be a "musical reading."

One of the most beautiful poems that has been written is "O Captain! My Captain," by Walt Whitman. Perhaps no contemporary of Lincoln had a keener appreciation for the great man of the hour, than he. This poem breathes so much of our Western land. "My Captain," is a most picturesque comparison of the great War President whose steady

hand guided the ship of state through the troubled waters of civil war, and brought it safely into port. Whitman refuses to accept the acclaim of joy that all may feel, for to him only the sorrow is in evidence. Nothing could more graphically describe this than the poem—read it!

1. Consider impressions of Lincoln's personality which you gather from reading his letters.

2. Sketch a word picture of his early years.

3. In this connection, tell an Indian story.

4. Tell of Nancy Hanks.

5. Explain "The wilderness is careless."

6. What does this suggest, "Silence found him; he met silence." Page 30.

7. From page 39 show how, "Other elements, invisible, yet permanent, traced their lines in the tissues of his head and heart."

8. Discuss, "Books lighted lamps in the dark rooms of his gloomy hours."

9. Was Lincoln temperate?

10. What can you tell of Ann Rutledge?

11. Explain Lincoln as a "Learner always."

12. Name the five traits people spoke of in connection with Lincoln.

13. In Lincoln's letters note the clear, concise, original way he expresses himself.

14. Tell of a "Curious marriage offer." Chapter 46.

15. Describe Mary Todd. Chapter 51.

16. Tell about Lincoln's marriage. Chapter 58.

17. Read one of Lincoln's rhymes. Do you like it? Why?

18. Tell one of Lincoln's "yarns."

19. Give a quotation from Lincoln—one you like.

20. What do you think of the style of Sandberg's *Abraham Lincoln?*

President Robison Returns

ON December 16th President Robison returned from attending a convention of the National Council of Women help in New York City December 1-4 and visits to points of interest in the Eastern States Mission. She reports that the Council Convention was unusually interesting this year. A forum held in connection with the Convention based on the theme "A Forecast For Better Living" stressed the part in life played by women in the home.

After the Convention she accompanied President Don B. Colton of the Eastern States Mission to a branch conference at Cambridge, Massachusetts. She spent a short time with her son Rulon Y. Robison and his family in Boston and then visited the Habit Clinic For Child Guidance. She accompanied President Colton, his wife, and President John H. Taylor of the First Council of Seventy to Washington, D. C., where they attended the first conference of the Eastern States Mission to be held in that city. She found the missionaries and members there are doing an exceptionally fine piece of work. Their spirit is beautiful and their allegiance to the Church is steadfast.

In our February Magazine President Robison will make a detailed report of her visit.

ELIZA ROXY SNOW MEMORIAL POEM CONTEST

AGAIN the prize poem committee for the General Board of Relief Society is happy to announce the winners in the annual contest.

A slight change will be noted this year in the contest rules, three poems are selected for prizes and no honorable mention, instead of two prize poems and three honorable mention.

The first prize was awarded to Veneta L. Nielson of Logan, Utah for "Plains' Cradle Song. Second prize was to Vesta Pierce Crawford of Salt Lake City, Utah for "Blossomed Tree, and third prize to Miranda Snow Walton of Evanston, Wyoming for "The Greater Death."

The judges this year were Professor Harrison R. Merrill of the B. Y. University, Mrs. Blanche Thomas McKey, poet, and teacher, and Mrs. Lalene H. Hart, member of Relief Society General Board.

96 poems were submitted, most of them excellent, rendering the selection rather difficult.

The committee congratulates the successful authors, and thanks all who entered the contest, hoping they will continue their interest in this project for the encouragement of women writers.

The committee also expresses appreciation to the judges for their assistance and helpfulness.

Annie Wells Cannon,
Juila A. F. Lund,
Rosannah C. Irvine,
Lotta Paul Baxter,
Mary C. Kimball,
Poem Contest Committee

GREETING CARD CONTEST

THE General Board compliments the stakes that participated in the Greeting Card Contest as outlined in the July, 1936, Relief Society Magazine.

We extend our hearty congratulations to the following prize winners, who will each receive a copy of *Handicrafts for Every Woman.*

Block Print, Mt. Ogden Stake
Mrs. E. H. Slade, 573 27th Street, Ogden, Utah.

Linoleum Block Cut, Union Stake
Miss Effie Hughey, Le Grande, Oregon.

Stencil, Western States Mission
Belva Fluckiger, 517 West 22 St., Cheyenne, Wyo.

Wax Crayon, Juarez Stake
Mrs. Margaret B. Cluff, Colonia Pacheco, Mexico.

Spatter Paint, California Mission
Mrs. H. K. Carmen, 504 Riverside Drive, Susanville, California.

Special Prize, R. S. Greeting Card, Sevier Stake
Mrs. Ruth S. Peterson, 80 East First So., Richfield, Utah.

Water Color, Wasatch Stake
Fontella C. Woolstenholm, Heber, Wasatch Co., Utah.

We extend our appreciation to Wasatch Stake for entering the largest number of cards in the contest.

HAPPENINGS

By Annie Wells Cannon

THERE would be no past regrets if each day one lived as though it were the beginning of a New Year.

COUNTESS WALDECK, Hungarian journalist and traveller discusses in an illuminating lecture "Women Under Dictatorship," how women under Hitler and Mussolini lived under their restricted freedom and comments what significance the position of these women may have in the future of all women.

ANTACIO CARMARGO, of New Mexico, 118 years old, has lived under four flags—Spanish, Mexican, Texas-Republic and United States. She is happy to live as long as she can work.

NAZIMOVA, Russian tragedienne has returned to the legitimate drama and her favorite role—Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." On the opening night in New York she had 38 curtain calls.

INA CLAIRE, blonde vivacious actress, during a starring performance of "End of Summer" in Chicago, was told that she had been awarded a gold medal for good diction by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. After the performance she was officially notified by Dr. William Lyons Phelps.

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK is mourned the world over. Few women have been so renowned and so beolved. Her rich contralto voice thrilled in Grand Opera in the great capitals of Europe and America, cheered soldiers in army camps and sufferers in hospitals. Her motherly heart embraced all mankind in love.

KATHERINE CORNELL, in Maxwell Anderson's new drama, "The Wingless Victory" is making her usual success.

HATTIE CARAWAY of Arkansas is the only woman in the United States Senate this year, and there are five women in the House of Representatives, while in Brazil where suffrage has maintained only two years there are two women in Congress, ten women Mayors, eight women Consuls and women Secretaries of Labor, Education and Public Health.

MRS. REVA BECK BOSONE is the first woman judge to serve in Salt Lake City.

JUDGE FLORENCE ALLEN, of Ohio, in holding Ohio's minimum wage law affecting 42,000 women and minors constitutional, declared the United States supreme court did not criticize the minimum wage law but the method of setting up wage scales.

MARGARET FLINT'S book, "The Old Ashburn Place," won the $10,000 novel prize this last year and there are other charming novels by women well worth reading.

MRS. KATHERINE KENT THURSTON, of Utah, is the recipient of a $60 prize for a poem —"At Her Wedding." This poem will be included in an anthology of heretofore unpublished poems. Mrs. Thurston is a widow and the mother of 10 children.

HAZEL HILL GREENWOOD, so deeply mourned by all her associates, gave unsparingly her talents and her service in the work of humanity.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XXIV JANUARY, 1937 No. 1

Editorial

Health

HEALTH is a priceless boon. People today realize more than ever before that a great deal of illness results from not adhering more strictly to the laws of health. Sins of omission and commission in this field are manifold. Especially is it vital that children's health should be safeguarded. There was a time when parents deliberately exposed their children to disease, their theory being that if contracted while young the cases would be light and that they would be immune when older when the attacks would be more severe. This fallacy has been strongly advised against by physicians. Mothers are urged to guard their little ones against these children's diseases, as it is affirmed the longer they can go without contracting them the better.

Some mothers are very careless and needlessly expose their children's playmates by not keeping their own children home when coming down with the disease, while others are careless in observing quarantine regulations. Many children have died and some have suffered permanent injury through some mother taking her sick child where others have contracted the disease. Being sorry or saying "I didn't think" will not atone.

Physicians and research laboratories are doing everything they can to cut down sickness, and remarkable success is being attained in some lines. Some diseases have been largely controlled. In others no progress has been made, and some illnesses are on the increase.

The Utah State Planning Board issued in April, 1936, a valuable book entitled *Health Conditions and Facilities of Utah.* It is pointed out that in the Beehive State, teeth defects top the list of physical defects among children. We are glad our

organizations in many places are cooperating with parents in removing this defect.

While in Utah smallpox has been the lowest in its history during the past year, this disease may be eliminated if universal vaccination is resorted to. The book also states that, "No child in Utah need have diphtheria. This goal could be realized by the immunization of all children between the ages of six months and two years." Here again our organizations have aided in making many children immune.

There were more cases of scarlet fever in Utah in 1935 than for the combined total of the previous seven years, and the death rate was higher than any year since 1911. Physicians are inclined to believe that the mildness of the cases is the primary factor in causing the rise of morbidity rates. So often these mild cases are not detected, properly diagnosed, and children are either careless or maliciously permitted to go to school or to mingle with other children.

Every few years the death rate from measles and whooping cough reaches an exceptionally high peak in Utah. There is a great need for mothers to be educated, so that they will isolate their infants during periods when whooping cough is prevalent.

"Acquired heart disease is most frequently due to improper habits of living and to infections, particularly those of the rheumatic group. Other diseases often leave heart trouble in their wake."

While we do not have similar reports from other states where our people reside we feel sure the conditions are relatively the same and we urge our members to do all in their power to prevent the spread of disease. We also hope that our organizations will do as much as their funds will permit in aiding parents who are financially unable to minister to their children's health needs.

Happy New Year

TO our many readers we extend heartiest wishes for a happy, prosperous New Year filled with good deeds and worth while accomplishments. This is a wonderful time in which ot live. So many changes arrest attention and the future doubtless will bring undreamed of wonders.

The Church is marching forward. New wards and stakes are being organized, new buildings erected, beautiful monuments dedicated and a great Security Program is being launched that is challenging the attention of the world. The members of the Church are showing renewed interest as seen in the increased payment of tithes and offerings and in their more faithful adherence to all the Gospel requirements.

We congratulate our stakes on the excellence of the conventions that have just been completed. The general preparation and the topics given have been better than ever before. Reports reach us from all parts of the Church that the lesson work is being carried forward better this year than ever in our history. Our women have accomplished herculean tasks in their great desire to aid the Security Program.

With deep gratitude we acknowledge this faithful work and pray that our Father will make our officers and members adequate for whatever tasks await them in the future.

Lesson Department

(For First Week in March)

Theology and Testimony

Lesson 6

Christ the Champion of Woman

Helpful References

Matthew 5:27-32; 15:21-28; 19:3-12; 22:23-33; 26:6-13.
Mark 10:2-12; 14:3-9; 16:1-10.
Luke 7:36-50; 8:43-48; 10:38-42; 20:45-47.
John 4:5-42; 8:3-11; 11:1-45; 12:1-8; 19:25-27; 20:11-18.
Smith: The Way To Perfection, chapters 34, 35.
Talmage: Jesus the Christ, pp. 473-475; 484; 432-434.
Rall: The Teachings of Jesus, pp. 103, 104.
Findlay: The Realism of Jesus, chapter 8.
Silver: Religion and a Changing World, chapter 8.

1. *Woman and Her Place as a Human Soul.*

In this lesson we shall observe how the Christ handled the second of the five basic principles underlying the law of Moses. It deals fundamentally, as did the principle considered in the last lesson, with the sacred nature of human personality. The Savior deals particularly with woman and her place, first of all, as a human soul. We shall not confine ourselves only to a consideration of Matthew 5:27-32, but shall let other Gospel references shed as much light as possible on the subject.

2. *Christ the Great Champion and Ennobler of Womankind.*

Dr. Joseph Klausner, famous authority on Hebrew literature, said in his book, *Jesus of Nazareth,* "The crucial test of a nation's civilization at any specified epoch, is the position of its women." The good Doctor holds, too, that the position of women among the Jews at the time of Christ was a "tolerably high" one. Some scholars deny this. Whatever the facts may be, certain it is that the Savior is regarded as the great champion and ennobler of womankind. The late Elder James E. Talmage remarks in his book, *Jesus the Christ,* "The world's greatest champion of women and womanhood is Jesus the Christ." In Matthew 5:27-32 we find the Christ's discussion of the second basic principle of the law of Moses. He points out that to "look upon" a woman with lustful desire is to do her a great wrong, for it is nothing more or less than a degradation of her personal worth. She is not "first of all a woman, but a human soul." As a certain writer here points out, "the primary reality is always humanity and the common human relation to the common Father." The Savior directs our attention to the fact that to be dominated by animal passion, however natural it may seem, not only degrades the object of the passion, but also constitutes treason to the soul of man. At any cost man must conquer his impulses. Better is it to lose a member of the body than to have the whole body "cast into hell." Our Lord then points out the sacred char-

acter of the marriage tie and by implication the importance of wholesome home life. He makes allusion to divorce as handled by the law of Moses and recorded in Deuteronomy 24:1. His pronouncement respecting divorce is to us clear and unmistakable. Only in the case of unfaithfulness may a wife be divorced. In another connection the Christ reiterated and extended this doctrine. When certain Pharisees came to him with questionable motives and asked? "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?"—He answered them clearly that in the beginning it was not so. God had intended man and woman by marriage to be one flesh. "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Furthermore, He points out that Moses suffered men to put away their wives only "because of the hardness of your hearts." It is clear He means in this instance, as in others, that the law of Moses had an end and the higher law was to operate. The Savior saw with clear eyes the necessity of protecting women in the most important of all social relations. And if men would receive it, they also are benefited beyond measure! The pronouncements of the Christ on this vital topic have evoked a veritable deluge of literature. The complex nature of our modern life has perhaps made it harder for men to receive the teaching respecting divorce in our age than it was at the time of Christ.

Some tell us that a new order of society is in the making, that eventually marriage and the home as conceived in a conservative past, are doomed to disappear. Judging from statistics on crime and divorce daily presented in newspapers and periodicals, one is sometimes tempted to believe such is the case. However, there occasionally arises a clear voice facing the facts and having optimism for the future. Abba Hillel Silver, in his book, *Religion in a Changing World,* says, "To form a judgment of the average American home based solely on the numerous instances of impermanence and infidelity which obtrude themselves upon our attention or are chronicled in the public press, is altogether unwarranted. The millions of American homes are still sound. Love and fidelity and the spirit of self-sacrifice have not yet entirely vanished from the dwelling places of our people and around millions of firesides the sanctities of life still hover. There are still vast reserves of spiritual and moral strength in the American home and one need not anticipate its early liquidation. . . . On the other hand, it would be the sheerest folly to assume that all is well with the American home. All is not well with the American home. The American home is in ferment. It is passing through the preliminary stages of a new adjustment made necessary by the new conditions of life, and like all adjustments, it is attended by pain, suffering, and tragedy. The American home is being attacked by new social, economic, and intellectual forces, and it has not yet perfected the strategy with which to meet the new conditions." While admitting certain changes are always necessary to meet new circumstances even in the home, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints still teaches the sanctity of marriage ties and the reverence for womanhood as taught by the Christ. We are in thorough sympathy with the words of a certain English writer when he says, "There is no such championship of the right of woman to an equal place in the sun in her own right as that of Jesus, and, if we knew the whole truth, we

should see that He is not only nearer the ideal, but also nearer the real facts of the case. For the Christian, at least, the thing that counts is a woman's soul; the salvation of the man who loves her depends *upon his respect* for what is eternal in her."

3. *Christ and the Samaritan Woman.*

Some of the most charming episodes in the Gospels have references to the Savior's talks with women. Therein is pictured His appreciation of the worth of their souls even when they themselves were known to be sinners. One of these incidents is given in the Gospel of John (4:5-42) where He is presented talking with the Samaritan woman at the well. The Christ and His disciples, hungry and spent, reached Jacob's well near a place called Sychar. The disciples went to the town to buy something to eat, leaving him sitting at the well. While thus preoccupied, a Samaritan woman came to draw water and the Savior asked her for a drink. The woman was astonished, for as the story indicates, "Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." But she found the Christ to be no ordinary Jew. He broke down, at one stroke, the false barrier that prevented the ordinary normal association of two of God's children. Thus He paved the way for a Gospel conversation that showed his love of her eternal soul. He knew the woman was a sinner but she was reminded of it in a most gentle way. There is no instance in the Gospels in which the Christ chides a woman with the severity he used with certain men.

4. *Mary Chose the Good Part.*

Luke 10:38-42 gives us a most unusual picture of the Savior at the home of two women, Mary and Martha. Mary sat enraptured at his feet and "heard his word" while Martha bustled around "cumbered with much serving." Finally Martha could stand the apparently unequal situation no longer, and, approaching the Savior she said, "dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me." To which the Savior answered, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." Many interesting things have been said about this incident, but the thing of most interest to us about it is that the Christ did not regard women as servants merely intended to look after men's material comfort and well-being. He was interested in them as human personalities whose spiritual well-being was the prime essential.

Questions

1. Can you find any Christian justification for the discrimination against women oftimes met with in industrial and even educational institutions?

2. What outstanding leaders in the United States have led the way in protecting the rights of women?

3. What needs yet to be done in the United States before women fully win the rights which a Christian way of life demands for them?

4. What did the Prophet Joseph Smith do to improve the lot of women?

Problems for Further Study

(Treat only those that time and circumstance permit.)

1. Examine carefully Luke 8:19-21 and John 2:1-4. Some have said these passages show that the Christ

was disrespectful to His mother. Cite scripture that would indicate such was not the case.

2. Read John 19:25-27. What side of the Christ's nature does this incident portray? Who was the "disciple"? Why was Peter or James not chosen?

3. Investigate the teachings of President Brigham Young and President Joseph F. Smith in regard to the treatment of women.

Teacher's Topic

(For March)

The House Built Upon a Rock

Matt. 7:24-27.

THIS is not regarded as a parable by all writers on the subject, but it has such a strong appeal and presents such a fine opportunity for a good lesson that it is being included in this group of lessons.

It comes at the end of the Sermon on the Mount. And Jesus said to the people:

"Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:

"And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

"And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:

"And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it."

This comparison was especially apt for Palestine as the sudden and furious storms sweep down into the low valleys. The barren hillsides were contributive to floods and extra care needed to be taken in building in order to withstand wind and water.

The hearers of the parable had no difficulty in making the application which Jesus intended.

If we are thoroughly familiar with the truths of the Gospel and have a strong faith in its principles and teaching we can more easily withstand the shocks of adversity and misfortune that come to us.

Christ emphasized the "doing" as well as the "hearing" of the word.

To hear the Gospel and do as it teaches makes for strength and security.

We should read the Sermon on the Mount to determine to what extent we are as "the wise man which built his house upon a rock."

Work and Business

Slip Covers

(See "Handicrafts for Every Woman" p. 47)

Uses.

SLIP covers have become a part of home furnishing and decoration. When they are put to proper uses and in harmony with other articles, they give a very delightful effect. They can be used the year around if both warm and cool colors are chosen.

Slip covers serve many purposes. They may be purely decorative, but more often they are for furniture protection. They are taking the place of tidies and doilies, and are much more practical. More comfort can be taken in the easy upholstered chair if simple, plain washable and well fitted slip covers are used.

Slip covers prolong the life of the new furniture. The thrifty homemaker can make slips to protect and cover worn places, and in this way extend its usefulness, when a purchase of new furniture is entirely out of the question.

Selection of Materials.

First take into consideration the room. For bedrooms, percales, creton, plain Indian head and chintz in small and dainty figures. For living rooms, more dignified conventional cretons, plain and blocked linens. For dining room, waterproof ginghams, percales, cotton crash, Indian head in colors, monks cloth. For the sun parlor or porch bold stripes and figures may be used.

Before purchasing, when possible, it is a good idea to get the store to send samples of one or two yard lengths, in a variety of materials to lay over the furniture to see which is best for the room before one makes the purchase.

Always try to buy the best material that can be afforded. The inexpensive pieces fade both in light and laundry. As a rule they are filled, and soon wash out, making them look clumsy and cheap. Better colors and designs are found in the better grade fabrics. Even though they cost more in the beginning they are pretty as long as they last.

The heavier the material the smoother they fit and the less wrinkles they have. Some good materials are: rep, crash, cotten damask, galatea, drapery sateen, handblocked linen, denim, and tapestry. These offer a wide range of color and pattern.

Besides harmonizing with the walls and floor covering, slip-covers should be selected in good taste. For example large rooms and large pieces of furniture require fabric of smaller design and lighter texture and color. The surface of the cloth should be smooth to keep dust from sifting through, also free from loose lint.

Glazed chintz and cambric muslin in bright colors lend a cheerful atmosphere to a room.

Articles To Have Slip Covers.

Living room furniture, all upholstered furniture, dining room chair seats, bedroom chairs, foot stools, cossak, also pads for straight chairs.

Steps To Be Taken.

FOR the construction of slip-covers an estimate of fabric and the yardage should be very accurately taken to determine the cost.

Fasten one end of the tape measure to the lower edge of the chair

frame at the center back, measure to the top of the chair, across the top and down the front of the back along a straight line, over the seat and down the front edge. Always add four inches for tucking in along the back of the seat in case there is shrinking in laundering; also add six inches for seams and finishing at lower edges.

For the arms fasten tape measure at the seat and bring up over the arms to the outside edges. Be sure sufficient allowance is made for all seams. If material has large figures or has an up and down pattern additional yardage must be purchased.

If the slip-cover is finished with a pleated or gathered ruffle more cloth will be needed than for a plain cover.

For gathering fullness allow twice as many widths as the chair measures and three times as many for pleating, multiply the number of widths by the desired depth of the ruffle to obtain the total amount needed and make additional allowance for hemming and matching the pattern.

Thus, for a seven inch gathered valance on a chair 42 inches are required and at least a half yard more must be allowed for hems and matching.

It is advisable to shrink all washable materials before making.

Well fitted slip-covers require a placket or opening. Its position depends entirely upon the piece of furniture that is being covered, and upon the types of fastenings being used. Snaps, hooks and eyes or buttons, allow an opening to gap if much strain is put on it. Fit covers closely.

LOOSE cushions should be covered separately and the covering should be the same style as that of the cushion. Covers for box cushions must be made boxed and never made merely by sewing two pieces of cloth together. The kind of seams depends largely upon material used—French or bound seams.

For class room demonstration take a small bedroom chair or article not too large to handle. Pad with worn out quilt or blanket or any soft material.

First cut paper patterns for back, arms and seat by laying paper over surface and fitting as near as possible. For the first time in making slip covers cut a try-slip cover by using worn out sheets or just any old material. Sew and fit on chair very smoothly. Rip open your try-slip cover and use for the pattern to lay on your new material. Cut, sew and fit before the class. Show in class samples and prices of materials which are suitable for different types of furniture.

Reference.

Text Book, "Handicrafts For Every Woman," on Slip Covers, page 47. U. S. Department of Agriculture Leaflet, No. 76, on Slip Covers. Where possible get furniture stores to demonstrate slip covers.

Literature

(For Third Week in March)

Lesson 6

Abraham Lincoln

"Geography is about maps;
Biography is about chaps."
—*Gilbert Chesterton.*

THIS has been styled a "waggish couplet;" but it suggests to us that biography is sometimes about very real chaps—chaps whose lives have been the pivot upon which great and stupendous changes have taken place.

Lincoln did not remain long in Congress. Time swept into the Senate of the United States, Stephen A. Douglas, a Democrat, and in the House of Representatives was also a Democrat. Yet while Lincoln was no longer in office he had assisted in the national campaign for the Whigs. A paper, in Boston, commenting on his Tremont Temple Speech, said: "It was powerful and convincing and was cheered to the echo."

Sorrow came to him in the death of his little son, "Eddie."

Lincoln turned to his law practice. He soon became eminent because he won decisions that were momentous. He declared that he would never again go into politics; for his law practice was bringing to him a richness of life such as could not accrue from service in the lower house of Congress. Yearly his practice was increasing.

Much as Lincoln desired to stay with his law practice, destiny was shaping another road for him to travel; for Calhoun, Clay, and Webster were dead, and the country needed other leaders.

Abolitionist organizations were taking the form of a religious crusade. "They had leaped into a fierce stride with the passage at Washington of a law requiring all people North to help slave hunters from the South in the capture of runaway property."

People were becoming incensed. "One Sabbath at church a book started to write itself," as its author sat listening to the sermon. She wrote it and read it to her children and the tears ran down their faces; the father came in; he cried, too." It was *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

This was in 1852. Eight power presses were employed printing it; the sales reached more than 300,000. A check for $10,000 arrived four months after its publication. Harriet Beecher Stowe, a mother of six, had achieved this remarkable result.

Mary Todd Lincoln had borne four children. In 1850 came William Wallace, and in the spring of 1853, Thomas, nicknamed Tad.

As Lincoln traveled there was a feeling of change in the air. They began to feel the pulse of the West. Douglas was telling the country from the floor of the Senate: "There is a power in the nation greater than the North or the South. . . . That power is the country known as the Great West."

The people were coming in droves from Europe. All this Lincoln saw. "He saw Germans, Irish, English by tens of thousands, come into Illinois. Fourteen steamboats were ice-locked near Cario, in the Mississippi in 1854. Up at Nauvoo, where the Mormon colony had moved out and crossed the Great Plains and the

Rocky Mountains, to settle at the Great Salt Lake in the midst of the Great American Desert, had come a group of French communists. Near Athens in Sangamon County was a settlement of Norwegians, north of Springfield was a huddle of Portuguese."

Across the Great Plains stretching east from the foothills of the Rocky Mountains toward the Mississippi River were many wagon trains. A traveler counted 459 wagons in ten miles along the Platte River.

Yet trouble was brewing. Riders from Missouri, a slave state, got on their horses with rifles and rode over into Kansas and battled with abolitionists from New England.

"Peace societies organize; they aim to stop war. They distribute Charles Sumner's address on *The True Grandeur of Nations,* in which he says: There is no war which is honorable, no peace which is dishonorable."

THE first cablegram is sent across the sea; a rifle known as the breech-loading rifle is on the market; men shoot bullets more often and quicker.

Wendell Phillips drops his law practice to become an advocate of abolition. He complains that the churches are slow; "the theatre bowing to its audience has preached immediate emancipation, and given us the whole of *Uncle Tom;* while the pulpit is either silent or hostile." On the stage, "slaves shoot their hunters with applause." Still in many hamlets and towns it is the church people who hide runaway negroes in cellars, and who carry on the anti-slavery organizations.

Civil war in Kansas threatened the entire nation in 1856. In Massachusetts Emerson told the people that they "must learn to do with less . . . sell their acres, and their pleasant houses." Lincoln had met with clergymen, from the South, who said the Bible gave authority for slavery. One day while chatting with them he said: "When I see strong hands sowing, reaping, and threshing wheat into bread, I cannot refrain from wishing that those hands, some way, in God's good time, shall own the mouth they feed!"

Now we have Douglas and Lincoln pitted against each other in a contest for the United States Senate. Stephen A. Douglas, Senator from Illinois was leading man in the great drama of American politics. He was nationally and internationally known. "When he read from his papers, in Washington, a speech of Lincoln's saying, 'that a house divided against itself cannot stand,' the Senator was more than interested. When he read that the state Republican convention had "with cheers resolved 'that Hon. Abraham Lincoln is our first and only choice for United States Senator to fill the vacancy about to be created by the expiration of Mr. Douglas' term of office;' he was again more than interested."

Judge Douglas was given an ovation when he returned to his native state. Sixty miles from Chicago, a special train "with brass bands, flags, streamers, and pennants met him on July 9th and escorted the statesman to Chicago. As he stepped out on the Lake Street balcony of the Tremont House that night, rockets and red fire lit the street; he gazed into what the *Chicago Times* called 'an ocean of upturned faces' and a transparent sign reading 'Welcome to Stephen A. Douglas, the Defender of Popular Sovereignty.'" Lincoln expected that some day Douglas would be the President of the United States.

That night Douglas made his first speech of the campaign. In it he accused Mr. Lincoln of "boldly advocating war between the North and the South." After that whenever Judge Douglas talked at any length he quoted Lincoln, "that the government could not be permanent half slave and half free," and intimated that what Lincoln wanted was war. Lincoln would also quote from his "House Divided" speech and say: he expected a crisis; he didn't wish it."

AS time progressed Lincoln grew in strength. One night there was a parade. Following the carriage of Mr. Lincoln was a wagon with thirty-two young ladies representing the states of the Union. The wagon bore the motto: "The Girls All Link To Lincoln, As Their Mothers Linked To Clay." Across the main street was a banner, bearing on one side the words, "Coles County for Lincoln, and on the other an immense painting of a man driving a team of six horses. This was Abe as he appeared thirty years ago, when he drove a wagon across the country; then a poor teamster, unnoticed and unknown; now the object of almost idolatrous devotion from the people of the same county."

It was on an afternoon in September at Clinton, when he said: "You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time."

Lincoln was now fifty years of age; it had been thirty years since he left his father's home. Sandburg has given us a masterful description of Lincoln at this time. He says of him: "The instant he began to speak the ungainly mouth lost its heaviness, the half-listless eyes attained a wondrous power, and the people stood bewildered and breathless. Every movement of his long muscular frame denoted inflexible earnestness, and a something issued forth, elemental and mystical, that told what the man had been, what he was, and what he would do. There were moments when he seemed all legs and feet, and again he appeared all head and neck; yet every look of the deep-set eyes, every movement of the prominent jaw, every wave of the hard-gripping hand, produced an impression, and before he had spoken twenty minutes the conviction took possession of thousands that here was the prophetic man of the present."

The people voted on November second, and while Lincoln had 4,085 more votes than Douglas, Douglas had a majority of the legislature, so he became Senator. But Lincoln's work had not been in vain, his speeches had been published in part and in full in the papers all over the country; all eyes were upon him and the presidential election was not far away.

They were calling him "Old Abe." "They began that when I was thirty years old," he once said to a friend. Once his little son entered a room where a new potrait of his father was resting against the wall. As he saw it he cried out: "Here's another Old Abe."

Lincoln was receiving enquiries from various parts of the country, asking if he would consent to run for president. He wrote to Senator Trumbull, saying, "The taste is in my mouth a little."

The Lincoln men arranged for the Republican Convention in Chicago. The Republican party had now succeeded the Whigs.

Members of the convention were astonished "at the noise and intensity" of the Lincoln supporters. On

the first two days of the convention the Seward men were allowed by the Chicago managers to have free run of the floor. But on the third day the Lincoln shouters were shoved through the doors till they filled all seats and standing room, and the New York boys were crowded out. "Nomination speeches were in single sentences. Judd said, 'I desire, on behalf of the delegation from Illinois, to put in nomination, as a candidate for President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, while Delano of Ohio said, 'I rise on behalf of a portion of the delegation from Ohio, to put in nomination the man who can split rails and maul Democrats—Abraham Lincoln.' "

SEWARD was ahead of Lincoln on the first ballot; then came a change of votes, a second ballot was taken and the chairman spoke: "Of 466 votes 354 were cast for the candidate highest, and 'Abraham Lincoln of Illinois is selected as your candidate for President of the United States.' "

Lincoln busied himself as best he could, for one in his anxious state of mind on the morning of the balloting. Finally a messenger boy handed him a telegram addressed "Abe," reading: "We did it. Glory to God!" Then followed a "flurry" of telegrams. He told the crowd in the Journal office he was going home to tell his wife the news. One heard him say, "I reckon there's a little short woman down at our house that would like to hear the news." Another heard him say: "There is a lady over yonder on Eighth Street who is deeply interested in this news; I will carry it to her." Boxes, barrels, kindling wood, fence rails and brushwood went up in bonfire smoke in the Sangamon River country that Friday night."

When the chosen committee called on Lincoln at Springfield to tell him he was nominated he replied that he would co-operate, "imploring the assistance of Divine Providence."

The campaign progressed with Lincoln showing greater strength as the days wore on. Then came the news of victory, which was followed by tortuous days with office seekers.

The time to go to Washington was near at hand. He must see his stepmother before leaving. He missed connection with a passenger train and had to use a freight train part of the way. We are shown him with a shawl over his shoulder picking his way through the slush, where friends were awaiting him with a buggy at the station.

The next morning he visited Sally Bush Lincoln. He drove eight miles out to the old farm along the road over which he had hauled wood with an ox team. Then "he and Sally Bush put their arms around each other and listened to each other's heartbeats. They held hands and talked, they talked without holding hands. Each looked into eyes thrust back in deep sockets. She was all of a mother to him. He was her boy more than any born to her. He gave her a photograph of her boy, a hungry picture of him standing and wanting, wanting. He stroked her face a last time, kissed good-by, and went away. . . . She knew his heart would go roaming back often, that even when he rode in an open carriage in New York or Washington with soldiers, flags, and cheering thousands along the streets he might just as like be thinking of her in the old log farmhouse out in Coles County, Illinois."

The Lincolns had left their home, clothes, books, and household goods

were packed in boxes and trunks. They were staying at the Chenery House. Lincoln had tied his trunks himself, and had written, "A. Lincoln, The White House, Washington, D. C.," on cards which he fastened to the trunks.

"He was going to the biggest house in the country, the hardest house in the country to live in: the Atlantic seaboard was the front yard, the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific slope the colossal back yard."

A cold drizzle of rain was falling on the morning of February 11 when Lincoln and his party of fifteen left Springfield. A thousand people crowded in and around the brick station to wish him luck and Godspeed. "A path was made for him from the station to his car; hands stretched out for one last handshake. He had not intended to make a speech; but on the platform of the car he turned and saw his home folk, so he raised his hand for silence. His friends and neighbors stood with uncovered heads as he said: "No one who has never been placed in a like position can understand my feelings at this hour nor the oppressive sadness I feel at this parting. . . . Here I have lived from my youth till now I am an old man. Here the most sacred trusts of earth were assumed; here all my children were born; and here one of them lies buried. . . . Today I leave you; I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon General Washington. Unless the great God who assisted him shall be with and aid me, I must fail." Bells rang, the train moved. Lincoln was on his way to Washington to face carnage and martyrdom —and to gain immortality.

Note: You may obtain additional material from chapters 82 to 168.

Questions

1. Where did *Uncle Tom's Cabin* first take form? What amount did the author receive four months after its publication? What was her name? How many children had she when she wrote the book?

2. Sandburg paints us a picture of Lincoln as he stands before an audience delivering an address. Is it a good piece of portraiture? Do you see Lincoln? Does his personality grip you?

3. What idea of the customs of the time do you get from Lincoln's visit to Coles County just before he left for Washington? How did Coles County portray Lincoln in a parade during the campaign? Why was he especially dear to Coles County, and Coles County especially dear to him?

4. Did you mothers and some of you who are not mothers weep when you read of the parting of Lincoln and Sally Bush? Do you think this an effective piece of writing? Do you feel that it is really the work of an artist? If so, why; if not, why?

5. Do you feel Lincoln's character in his parting address at the station in Springfield, Illinois? Most of his biographers say he was sometimes very sad. Is there evidence of it in the farewell speech?

6. If you deem it important that a prose writer lend interest to his writing, would you say that Sandburg has met with success in this particular? Did you cling to the book after you had commenced it? Did you wish to read more?

7. Do you feel that Lincoln was rewarded in later life for his tremendous industry and upright living? Do you think he was rewarded for his trust in God?

Social Service

(For Fourth Week in March)

Lesson 3

The Service of Government

Text: Civic Sociology by Edward A. Ross: Chapter XV.

EVERY citizen of good intentions should have some knowledge of the world he lives in as to its political, social, and economic organization if his influence on the course of events is to be intelligent and constructive. Since the close of the World War in 1918 sweeping changes have occurred in the governments of the major nations of the world. In some countries the old order has entirely passed away and present sovereign power functions in an entirely new manner. In other nations changes as complete are now taking place with marked rapidity. Much of the political ideology of a few years ago is either obsolete or woefully inadequate as a basis for meeting present situations. With changing conditions, duties and responsibilities of citizenship are altered. Since the natural tendency of changing circumstances is to bring about an evaluation of national ideals, the soundness of these ideals is often brought into question by the general public. They are weighed and considered, and often re-evaluated in the light of the changing scene. While the problem is as broad as human experience, itself, the present lesson proposes the direction of attention to the following purposes:

1. To view government as an agent of social stability.

2. To encourage intelligent participation in government.

That form of government known as democracy was the predominant mode of political organization at the beginning of the present century. Perhaps Russia under the Tsars and a few Asiatic States were the only nations not following its basic principles in some form or other. The common phrase justifying the World War, "To Make the World Safe For Democracy," was the motivating power for drawing millions of young men into its ranks. Democratic nations have fostered extensive suffrage, law-making by representation, popular education, a careful enumeration of safeguards for individual liberty, an elaborate system of checks and balances between the people and the government, and a high degree of economic freedom in the matter of earning a living. Moderate policies rather than extreme measures, discussion rather than force, as a means of solving problems developed a fair degree of social stability. Such ideals consider the individual of more importance than the state.

Recent years have brought about much searching criticism of democratic institutions. Conclusions have not been drawn without a certain amount of agitation and turmoil to the status of democracies. Encouragement of individual initiative, sometimes with special countenance to the more able, has developed a markedly unequal distribution of wealth. At times unscrupulous persons have been sustained in making unwarranted profits. Large corporations and influential business men

have exerted undue influence on political power, and have, in return, reaped the reward of the favored. In the United States "pressure groups" and "lobbies" maintain organized activities to influence governmental policies to selfish ends.

The marked technical developments in science and mechanical means of production has completely changed the old order which confronted a man, seeking to earn his daily bread. Unemployment is everywhere in the midst of a productive organization capable of supplying people with an ample living. As people look to government to help them out of an undesirable situation, sound judgment and a balanced point of view is imperative to the development of a wholesome attitude which will take into consideration that level of society which finds itself less fortunately situated in life. The ideals of government, which provide for all the people should be recalled, and then, when present practices are re-evaluated in the light of current conditions, legislation which is in keeping with a truer spirit of democracy may be brought about.

It must be recognized that ideals of government require new application to accompany the changes which occur in society. The demands upon government to promote social stability are probably more pressing and urgent today than they have been in any past generation. The text points out the many fields into which the activities of government have extended in essential regulation of business and individual well being. We do not question the exercise of such functions because past experience has demonstrated the value of such actions. It is when new fields of activities, new regulatory functions, and new applications are advocated that we need to weigh their values in the light of established ideals.

President Hoover's Research Committee reports in *Recent Social Trends,* "Problems of governmental reorganization and functioning constitute a major question of adaptation and adjustment. It cannot be supposed that the present procedures will be able to deal effectively with the complicated types of problems certain to arise in the future, indeed already upon us. Specifically, the problems of government turn about the reorganization of areas, mechanisms, and authority; the recruitment of the necessary personnel for administration and leadership; adaptation of the techniques developed through the social sciences; the elimination of spoils and graft; the determination of the scope of governmental activity in the fields of general welfare, social control, and moralistic supervision of behavior; the determination of the amount of governmental expenditures in relation to national income, and the ways and means of financing the government's operations; the position of the national government in its relations with the other members of the family of nations; the development of liberty, equality, and democracy, in face of the concentration of great wealth in the hands of a few. Of major importance are the relations of government to industry." (Vol. 1, page LX.)

As these functions increase people depend more and more upon additional service. Naturally such services are attended by increasing costs. The ideal of greater service at decreased, or even constant cost, is quite impossible. We must prepare for increasing costs. And we must not cling too tenaciously to the old ideas and forms at the expense of the new. Better to reconsider total costs and the values derived

therefrom in relation to each other, and economize on less pressing needs than on some of the functions which are being decried simply because they are innovations, although it is a difficult matter to distinguish between the useful and the merely extreme. Experimentation is costly, but the matter of governmental adjustment to changing conditions is so intricate it is impossible to progress toward that end without a certain amount of experimentation. Theories are inadequate without some degree of trial.

Economic security is an ideal which seems to become more difficult of realization as time goes on; yet its actuality is essential to the happiness and peace of mind of all people. New problems in industrial control with exceptional technological development mean that governmental service must assume many new forms. All these functions are expensive. If those who are unable to provide their own economic security are going to look to the government to assist them, the more able must develop a state of mind which is not too resistant to governmental attempts to do so. To quote once more from *Recent Social Trends,* "The service functions of government are also likely to expand because of the demands of the special economic groups. The poverty of the marginal and submarginal farmers, the insecurity of the wage earners in industry, the perplexity of the consumers, the plight of the railroads, are likely to call for, indeed have already demanded, the close cooperation of the government. Unemployment and industrial instability are of special urgency in their demands for governmental assistance, first of all in times of emergency, but also in preventing the recurrence of disastrous crises or in minimizing their rude shocks and ghastly losses." (Vol. I, page LXII.)

Just how far the sovereign power of government should go in controlling such functions for social stability is a problem upon which individual thought differs, and justly so. Not only would it be impossible to arbitrarily set the goal, it would be highly undesirable. Such is the obligation of active citizenship, to exercise the right of intelligent judgment: but intelligent judgment presupposes thoughtful consideration and study of the problems at issue. Blind adherence to a slogan or the emotional dictation of action is unlikely to bring the greatest social stability. Yet, participation by all those entitled to suffrage is the inviolable obligation of the residents of democracies. Their problems inescapably confront all the people. Such is the obligation of living under a democratic form of government; and the more complicated the problem the greater the responsibility. Disinterest because of ignorance of current issues and lack of information leaves the road open to the grafter, the worker for special interests, and the unprincipled politician. Public office is a public trust, and should be filled only by those qualified through technical training, integrity, and moral character. Citizens should see to it that only such receive support when the problem of selection is before the people. Well qualified representatives of the people can do much to achieve the kind of government which is dictated by an impartial interpretation of its functions and ideals. The forward and backward movements, the see-saw manipulation of its rights and privileges, might be a little better balanced, a little more justly distributed, if the mass of people behind this human-driven, ceaseless motion of government would exert them-

selves to an intelligent driving power. Why should political office, which should depend upon a knowledge of and a vital and altruistic interest in the problems of democratic living be the reward of friendship or political favor? The burden of its responsibility should rest more sweetly on the senses than the desire for the financial reward and the power it grants. Every political office should be weighted with a feeling for the problems it incurs rather than with the thought of the monetary reward it carries. If the emphasis could be shifted from the purse to the mind and spirit, great walls of difference among people might be lowered and far reaches in their interests might be united. The humming activities of industry and other forms of economic pursuit might be placed on a more cooperative base and a less competitive one.

Democracy requires the ability for self-government, and self-government rests upon, first, intelligent leadership, second intelligent fellowship, and third, the ideal of service to fellowmen. The twelfth Article of Faith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints places upon each of its members the obligation of "obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law." To do so under the ideals of self-government means that one should be actuated in all his doings by the three requisites listed above. Change of governmental practice, when necessary, should be advocated and accomplished in the manner provided for by the law. Understandings are developed through intelligent discussions. Whenever discussion is used in place of force as a means for solving the problems of our times, social stability is promoted. Both social stability and intelligent discussion require the active participation in the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

Activities

1. Make a list of the services which the government is performing for you which were not performed fifteen years ago. Evaluate each service in terms of its social stability to your community according to the highest degree of your social judgment.

2. Statistics show that a large proportion of the people do not vote when they have the right. Make a list of reasons drawn from this lesson which can be used to overcome such indifference.

3. Make a list of the things which can be done in the average home to develop an active interest in intelligent citizenship.

Child Guidance

Lesson 6

The Meaning and Control of Temper Tantrums

WHAT situations in general make us angry? Whenever our purposes are frustrated, we are likely to grow angry. Anything that conflicts with our self-regard may make us lose our tempers. What are more effective ways of meeting these situations than anger?

In lower forms of life anger may serve the purpose of reinforcing the power for combat. Anger, in the case of man, has a more subtle social value. Our battles are most gen-

erally cool-headed and involve legitimate rules of competition. The tongue or pen replaces the sword or club. But man comes to this high stage of control by a long course of growth and training. Christ spoke of a degree of control not commonly achieved even by cultivated people: "But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also." (Matt. 5:39). This doctrine works because it helps us to keep cool while we think out a better way to meet the situation.

Goodenough, at Minnesota, has found some extremely interesting facts about how the incidence of anger outbursts varies with age and what conditions contribute to outbursts. She found that a peak in the number of outbursts occurs for children about one and a half years old. There is a rather sharp decrease in the number of outbursts for children up until about five years. Other studies have shown that the tendency toward outbursts decreases even through college into adult life. Does this mean that we get better natured as we grow older? Not necessarily. It means that we learn to better control ourselves in anger as we grow older, that we probably meet fewer frustrations because we understand our world better, and that we have better insight into how to get around frustrations when they do occur. The outburst is a symptom of failure to control a situation as well as we should like. As we grow in judgment and experience, our control of situations is better.

The infant under one year is protected from many frustrations because most of its needs are satisfied by those taking care of it. Its world is relatively restricted and simple. By learning to walk, the gates of a vastly extensive and new world are thrown open. The toddler doesn't yet know that stoves are hot, that pulling the table cloth brings an avalanche of dishes clattering to the floor—with a spanking in close succession, and that the toys of others cannot be appropriated willy-nilly from playmates without opposition. He is met at every new exploration with a storm of "don'ts." The number of frustrations he must undergo during his first two years of walking is appalling when we stop to count them up.

All of these frustrations which must be undergone before the child acquires real insight into how to control more efficiently the physical and particularly the social world is bound to precipitate outbursts in the most normal children. The child learns by an unfortunate accident, however, that when he throws a tantrum his mother, or some other solicitous onlooker, rushes to the rescue. Many children learn long before they leave the cradle that a mother's most vulnerable spot is her alert ear for a baby's cry. Fondling at every cry "stamps in" crying as a means of gaining attention and satisfying wants. When the toddler becomes frustrated, and not yet being very fluent in the use of any other language, he wails and his problem is solved for him. Later on he may find it necessary to wail louder and longer and stamp his feet and even throw things in order to get his way. The more firmly his mother resolves not to give in, the more violent the performance becomes, until in this endurance test the child wins and the mother finally has pity on her jaded nerves. This rewards the whole performance so that she must yield next time also.

SOMETIMES punishment of the child vents the mother's irritation, but it doesn't correct the tan-

trum, and even may contribute to negativism. Mayer, at Stanford, has found that children become negativistic (refuse to do what is asked of them, saying "I won't" or simply "no") as a normal part of development at between two and four and one-half years, with the greatest frequency of negativistic responses at about three years. The frequent frustrations at this period may account for this fact. The sensible attitude to assume is that outbursts and negativism are likely to occur during these years, but that with proper training they should be almost completely corrected by school age.

The extremely irascible child is usually a self-centered child, a pampered child, a child whose mother has never really understood his point of view. One investigation has shown that children who were given their own way in the home had tantrums twice as often as those who were not.

Illness is frequently a contributing cause of tantrums. Stratton found that college students who had undergone the most illnesses burst into anger the most often. This tendency was particularly related to the number of illnesses suffered before six years of age. A mother is likely to be more attentive to the demands of an ill child than one in good health, which multiplies for the child who has many illnesses, his chances of learning that tantrums "pay."

Hunger and fatigue also precipitate outbursts. Goodenough found that the number of outbursts during the hour before the noon meal was about twice the number during the hour just after. Every wise mother, and daughter, knows that her requests fall more kindly on father's ears after dinner than just before. A person who is tired or who has missed his sleep is also more irritable than usual and therefore more likely to "explode."

Tantrums are also frequently the outcome of too much regulation and not enough free opportunity to explore to heart's content. Regulation, if it does not allow for an adequate degree of freedom during play, is bound to breed bad temper in the child. The engrossing pursuits of the child should not be interfered with until after due notice has been given, and then only for meals, toilet, rest, and when actual injury to the child or property is probable, or the rights of others are seriously interfered with.

For the correction of tantrums, the following additional suggestions are offered. Try always to understand the nature of the child's frustrations and to guide him to gain insight into getting around them. Give only the minimum of assistance for him to see his own way out. Don't respond to his angry outbursts by losing your own temper—to do so indicates lack of insight on your part. Serenity, calm, patience, and good humor are extremely contagious. The peace that comes from deep faith in the Gospel and devotion to the great cause of parenthood should permeate every Latter-day Saint home, and this peace is a great step toward cultivating good dispositions in the children.

When a tantrum is thrown, the best method is indifference—ignore it. But by all means don't give in even if the child holds his breath. (Breath holding is not dangerous ordinarily.) Don't let the tantrum make the child the center of attention of all those in the home. Tantrums are more frequent in homes where there are more adults—to pay attention, to give in, and to buy peace with bribes. Don't give cor-

poral punishment. If simply ignoring the "scene" doesn't seem appropriate, don't stop to coax; but simply carry the child to his room and leave him there alone until he has it out with himself. Tell him only that he may come out when he can behave himself.

PLAY with other children multiplies frustrations, but there is probably no better way to teach the child respect for the rights of others. Careful guidance during play by a thoughtful parent can be of great assistance in helping the child to gain insight into how to get along socially; the meddling and interference of a thoughtless parent will promote more tantrums than it will cure.

A routine carefully thought out and rigidly enforced is essential for avoidance of tantrums. Irregularity in toilet habits, hours of eating and rest, and inconsistency in treatment of misbehavior are serious handicaps to the little tot who is trying hard to learn "what it is all about." Violent corporal punishment on one occasion and complete indifference to the same act on another leaves the child confused as to where he stands on anything. One treatment by the mother and another by the father or others in the home is equally vicious. Decide upon a sensible routine and plan for training the child, and then strictly adhere to it. This is the kindest treatment for the child after all, the true way to "suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me."

Through all correcting of anger impulses in children, ability to catch the child's point of view and provision for social and acceptable outlets for his activity is of paramount importance. The child should be given sufficient time and materials to do his own experimenting as far as possible.

Problems for Discussion

1. What do you consider to be the legitimate uses of anger? Discuss Mark 11:15-18.

2. Why are anger outbursts ordinarily of little value for modern adults? Point out the different uses served by anger in animals compared with anger as used by modern men.

3. Of what use is the tantrum to the child? How are tantrums and the early use of language by the child similar?

4. Enumerate some of the principal contributing causes of tantrums or outbursts. What can you do in your home to decrease the number of these contributing causes?

5. Assuming tantrums have been acquired by your children, outline a program for overcoming them.

6. Why are there so many frustrations during the early years of walking? What can you suggest by way of reducing the number of frustrations?

A WORD TO MOTHERS

The following story is one of many that might be told. We quote from a letter received at the office of the General Board of Primary Association:

"A few days beforte Christmas the Postman stopped at our door and handed Mary a strange magazine. It was entitled "The Children's Friend" and said 'A Mery Christmas from W..... F.....'

"Then the children and I sat down and went through the magazine very carefully. We found an endless number of most interesting things. There were poems and pictures and things to make and the *best* stories, and such tales of Rollicky-Roy!

"I discovered that this magazine was not only a children's magazine, but it also had interesting articles for the children's parents, articles to help me in the rearing of my family, suggestions to help me provide interesting and happy times for our home afternoons and evenings. I found that the Officers' Department was also helpful with its teacher training, its music and play and various other items.

"The very best thing about the *Friend* was that it would come to us each month and bring us new stories and new things for the children to do. This it has continued to do month after month.

"One month our magazine failed to arrive at the usual time. Billy, Mary, and Jane were so worried. Why did it not come? What were they to do? How did the continued story end this time? What interesting thing was Rollicky Roy doing? These and many other questions made me realize how valuable *The Children's Friend* was to my children. Two days of anxious watching went by. We had all decided to inquire into the cause of the delay when much to our delight, on the third day, the Postman delivered the long looked for magazine. The children could hardly wait to open it. The contents were utterly devoured by three pairs of eager eyes, then Billy, the eldest read aloud the stories they had waited so anxiously to hear."

A year passed. *The Children's Friend* not only brought the M..... family useful ways to spend their leisure hours, it not only made the children happy each month with its wealth of interesting material, but it also brought to them the greatest thing on earth: *The Gospel of Jesus Christ as revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith.* Through this magazine this family learned of the organization called the *Primary Association* which is held each week throughout the Church. These children have attended the Primary each week with their little friends. Here they have become so interested in the Primary work that they now want to become Latter-day Saints. Their mother is going to let them be baptized. They say they can never again be without their magazine, *The Children's Friend.*

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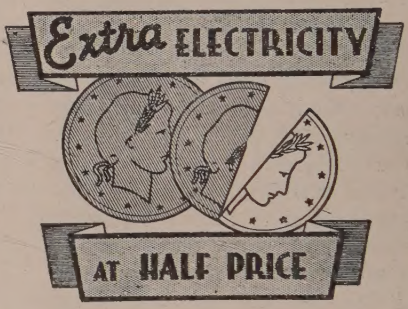

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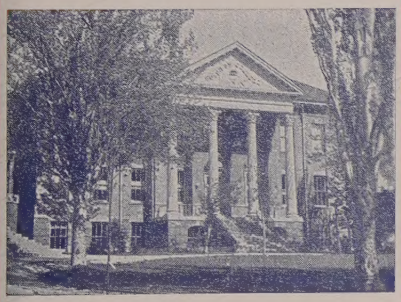

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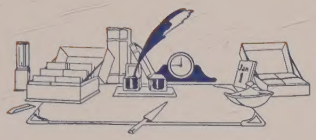

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